VOL VI JUNE 1926 NO. 11

GOBLIN

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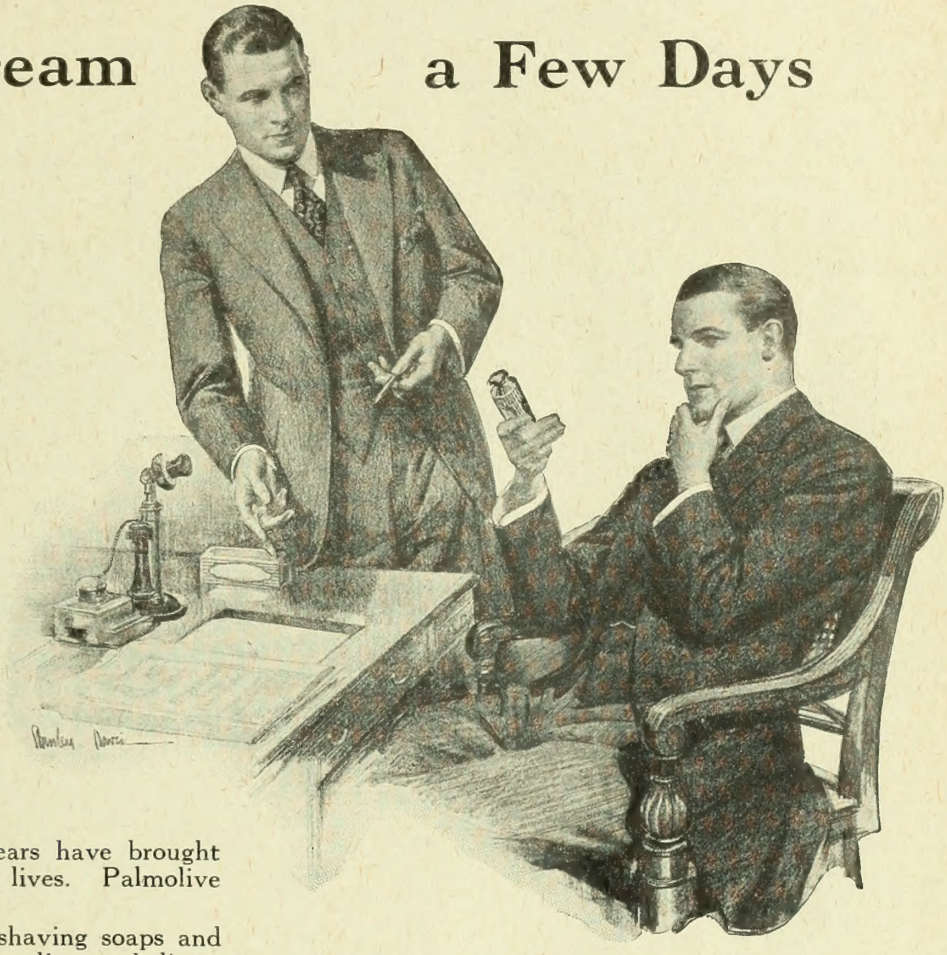
Shaving Cream a Few Days



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GENTLEMEN: The last few years have brought many new comforts into people's lives. Palmolive Shaving Cream is one.

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1,000 men told us

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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive content.

This courtesy, please

Now in courtesy to us will you not accept a trial of Palmolive Shaving Cream? It may be what you want, or it may not. You alone can tell. Send the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

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10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1178, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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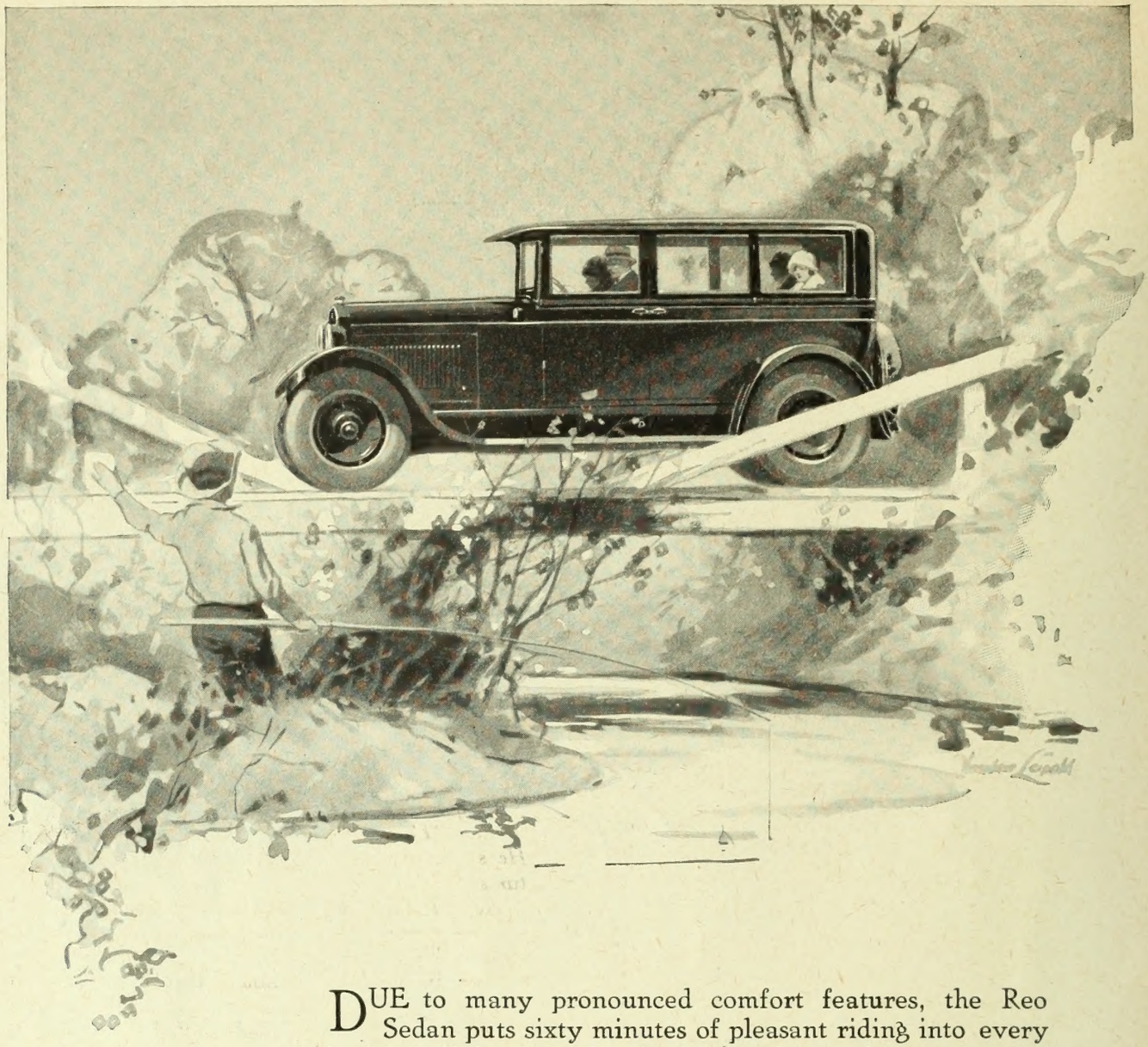

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, - - Windsor, Ontario

REO

VOLUME VI TORONTO, JUNE, 1926 NUMBER 11

Goblin

The Trail of Twenty-Six

Don't look so sad, my honey, don't be holdin' of me so;
I have heard the Red Gods calling and it's time for me to go,
For the boys are mushing northward to a rocky, frozen land,
Where the precious golden nuggets are as plentiful as sand.
It will be the greatest stampede since the Trail of Ninety-Eight,
And I couldn't miss it, honey, so it's time to pull my freight.
They are gathering at Hudson, if the papers tell us true—
The Dan McGrews and Sam McGees and ladies known as Lou.
There will be another Dawson when the milky northern lights
Dance above the shores of Red Lake in the cool September nights.
So I'm off to-morrow morning for this Eldorado new,
And if I don't discover gold I'll tell you what I'll do:
When shades of night are falling fast I'll take my pen in hand,
And write a bunch of rhymes about the Red Lake Barber's Band—
Of how, in One-Eyed Pete's saloon, they guzzled ginger ale.
It will run to six editions, and I'll make a stack of kale.

—*Robert D. Little.*

* * *

She: "I don't like your friend; he's very insulting. He spoke of me the other day as an American adventuress."

He: "I'll tell him you're not American."

Railroading It!

She was a railroad man's daughter. Her carriage wasn't good, but I thought that if we were coupled up, I could train her to conductor self properly in my little drawing room. I felt sure she could make the grade.

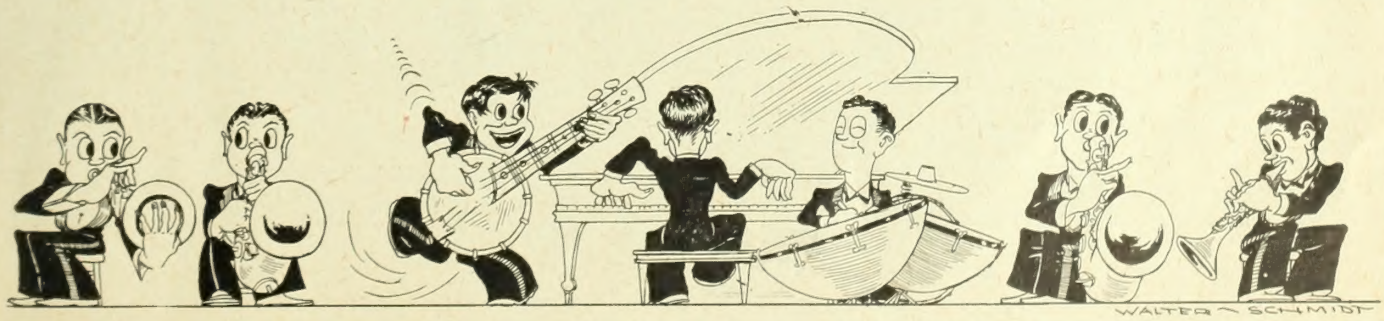
Her mother was siding with us, but her father did not take to the proposition, for a girl of her tender years. He tried to switch me off, especially as my station in life was humble. But I was fired with ambition and determined to brake down the barriers altho' he ranted and railed, puffed and blew, 'till I could have throttled him.

We decided to break the family ties; so one night, her father being a good sleeper, on prearranged signals I whistled under her window, and we pulled our freight in a cloud of smoke.

He then wanted to shunt the whole family on me, but I engineered that so as not to wreck my whole life.

We are now living happily in a little round-house by the crossing, at my wife's express wish—the little baggage!

—*D. W.*



"What you need is more exercise."

A Hurry Call

Cytherean Aphrodite!
Pack your tooth-brush, curls and nightie,
Grab the seven-ten and call
Please, at Glycera's stately hall!

Take young Eros and his friends
And (for I must gain my ends),
Though it is against the rules,
Mercury and all his tools!

If you lift the lady's heart,
Cnidian Queen, I do my part;
In reward I'll scorn all price—
You can name your sacrifice!

—*Joseph Schull.*

* * *

Advice to young brides: If at first you don't **succeed,** cry, cry, again.

Florence

A voluminous black momma ambled up to the ticket office of a small railroad station and thrusting her head half through the pigeon hole addressed the clerk.

"Ah want a ticket fo' Florence."

After many minutes of profound searching, the clerk returned to the window and enquired with a mystified air:

"Pardon me, but where is Florence?"

The negress turned, and pointed out a black beauty of tender years who was obviously following the proceedings with considerable interest.

"Sittin' over der on de bench." replied the negress.

* * *

Fair Enough

The proprietor of a hotel was approached by a gambler who requested the loan of ten dollars. The hotel man extracted a five-dollar bill from the cash register and handed it to the gambler who said, "Didn't I ask you for a ten spot?" The old hotel man answered; "We both lose five!"

* * *

The Scofflaw

"There ought ter be a law agin aviation," said the cross roads politician after the aviator had made a forced landing in his potato patch.

"There is," replied the pilot," because the law of gravitation is always interfering with flying!"

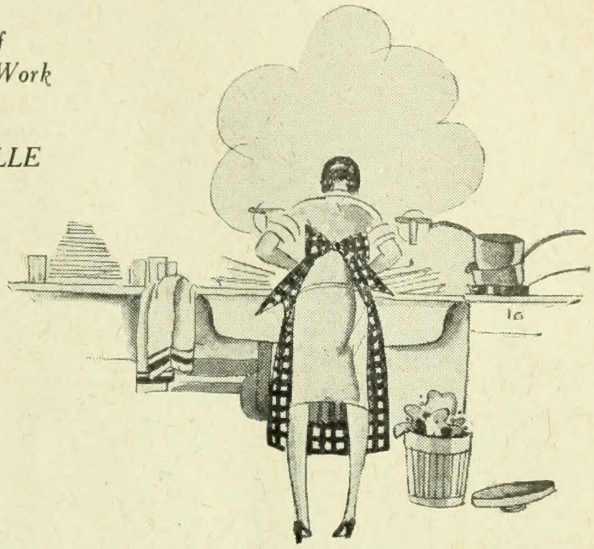
"What's the charge, Officer?"

"Destroying city property. He was climbing on a steam roller."

Where Are the Brides of Yesteryear?

The Results of
Careful Research Work
by
A. B. SAWTELLE

Babsie got so gloriously slim over the exertions of getting married that she quite forgot to watch her diet—potatoes and candy and chocolate eclair, she ate them all shamelessly. Then one day she got an awful jolt trying to get into her wedding dress—and J-J-Jack, the b-b-brute, just laughed at her, sniff, sniff—



Harriet and Bill were going down the Long, Long Trail together. For Harriet now it's the long, long trail from silverware to pots and pans.

Jane hasn't much time to curl her hair these days. Taking care of the twins is a bit more strenuous than acknowledging wedding presents.

That mean old Tom is dragging Gloria home from an awful-good party. S'pose it is four-thirty and he has a big deal on tomorrow! Good night! Can't she have a little fun without always thinking about getting up and getting breakfast. He never used to want to leave a party when they were engaged, etc., etc.

"What's the most marked advance you noticed in the summer styles?"
"The figures on the price tags!"

Minutely Speaking!

Bim: "What is the height of fashion now?"

Bam: "I don't know. I haven't been out on the streets for thirty minutes!"

* * *

As the dentist examined the teeth of the man with the very much swollen face he said, "Have you had any advice about your teeth lately?"

"Yes," answered the man, "I talked to the druggist at the corner about them last night."

"And what foolish advice did he give you?"

"Well, he was the one who recommended that I come to see you today!"

First Recruit: "Say! what's the idea of abusing your gun like that? The sergeant said treat it as you would your life."

"Second Recruit: "Oh! I thought he said wife."

Put Him Out!

Ima: "Why do they put roosters on weather vanes instead of hens?"

Ira: "Well, just think how inconvenient it would be to gather the eggs!"

* * *

And Nobody Knew the Difference

Mary had a little calf,
Not one above the heel,
But one that later got the gaff
And was turned into veal.
And then, behold, it changed again!
That's why this little ballad,
For Mary's calf was called a hen
And passed for chicken salad!

—W.M.B.

"How now! Mumbo, that last roast missionary had a shirt on. How come?"
"Your Majesty, that is a part of the dressing."

With a Gift of Flowers

These flowers hang their heads because, you see,
I kissed them e'er I let them go to thee,
And that they get their message straight I send
This note, their sweet confusion to amend!
But if, perchance, in this I've been too free,
Return the flowers and the kiss to me,
And let no thought of pity thy soul fill,
Send back the roses when and how you will,
The kiss, I prithee, do more kindly treat
And give it to me, darling, when we meet.

* * *

Experience

The proprietor of a large Ford Service garage in Atlanta tells the following one:

He had advertised for an experienced mechanic and the first one to answer the ad. said that he had served five years in the Ford plant in Detroit.

"What did you do in the plant?" asked the garage owner.

"Well, sir," answered the man, "I polished screw 683!"

Pride of Accomplishment!

Lawyer for Defendant: "After all ,your honour, my client is only charged with simple theft."

Defendent (hotly): "Simple! Say, I'd like to see any of you do it."

* * *

Song

Oh, over the world from Spa to Spain,
And round and under and back again,
From the highest hill to the deepest sea,
Yoy'll find no equal of my ladye,
She passes all in a thousand ways
And nobody's worthy to sing her praise;

Go search where you will in the farthest lands,
Where tree-house, harem or igloo stands,
Where the bright Cross gleams in the southern sky,
Or the weird, cold, snow-lights flare and die,
You'll find no flapper on land or sea,
By the Isles of Greece or the Sands of Dee,
Wherever your wandering feet may come—
So perfectly, wholly, sublimely dumb!

—*Joseph Schull.*

Quigley J. Beezlehurst—The Man with the Big Idea

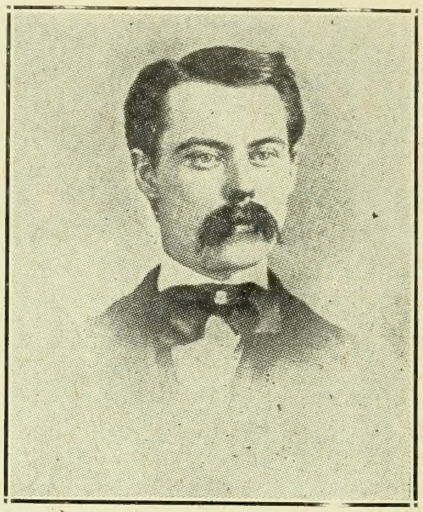
The Story of his Success as told by J. E. McDougall

"THE dress," cried the woman, "is completely ruined. If you don't pay me sixty dollars in compensation at once I will not only withdraw my own patronage but use my influence to persuade my many friends to have their clothes cleaned elsewhere."

The claims manager who wrote out the compensation order for sixty dollars to the indignant customer was Quigley J. Beezlehurst. As the woman cashed the order, Mr. Beezlehurst began cashing in on a Great Idea, an idea which has since netted him many thousands, and was the means of building up the present famous business of the Beezlehurst Compensation Corporation.

The mighty brain of Quigley Beezlehurst reasoned along the following lines: This woman knows that, through fear of losing trade, the cleaning concern with whom she is dealing will probably pay her something for her twenty-one-fifty frock. She hoped for about ten dollars but considered that if she put a price of sixty on it it would do no harm. If some one had come to her before her trip to the head office and offered to take the case off her hands, saving her the trouble and paying her ten dollars, she would have leapt at the opportunity. She got sixty dollars which would have meant a clear profit of fifty to the intermediary. The answer is obvious and easy. Today the Beezlehurst Compensation Corporation handles claims running into millions of dollars. It is a monument to the man with a vision.

Naturally enough, it was with cleaning and pressing claims that the business was started in a humble way. The original staff consisted only of Mr. B., and his wife. Mr. B. made the rounds of the cleaning establishments,



A favorite photo of Mr. Beezlehurst taken at the time he was conceiving his Big Idea.

soliciting claims from people who approached the front door with a determined expression upon their faces. Mr. B's method was simple and effective. His first step was to win the prospect's confidence. This was done by approaching in the guise of an oil stock salesman. Once the prospect was engaged in conversation, Mr. B. began by admiring the lady's costume. This naturally led to her confiding to him the story of the dress which had been absolutely ruined by the careless firm.

Mr. Beezlehurst in the act of persuading a prospect, showing the famous Beezlehurst method.

"What a perfect jewel of a dress, my dear!" would be Mr. B's opening; and the barrier was lifted.

It is a tribute to Mr. B.'s powers of perception that he early recognised the fact that his wife would be more successful than he in settling the claims with the various companies. Mrs. B. is a woman of strong persuasive powers. Having persuaded Mr. B. to marry her, she proceeded to persuade him to give up smoking and stay in of an evening. Naturally on forming the first Persuasion Department of the company she has had less time to persuade Mr. B. Mr. B. calls this Sublimation of the Persuasion Complex.

After the organization was perfected for covering the cleaning establishments, a splendid field was discovered among the laundries and hence by gentle stages a logical growth included taxicab companies, street cars and department stores. In connection with the latter an agent was placed, bareheaded, near the adjustment bureau. The prospect, believing him to be an official of the company, was delighted to receive his prompt settlement. Those who protested too heartily and thus showed likelihood of getting a good cash payment were either let go or taken into the organization's Persuasion Department.

From these modest beginnings has grown the mighty institution

which Mr. Beezlehurst laughingly refers to as "my business." With branches in all corners of the globe and weekly conventions with chalk talks by Mr. B., it was indeed a thriving concern even before the latest amplification was introduced. A brain less fertile than Mr. Beezlehurst's might never have thought of the New Business Origination Department. A friend on being shown around the plant, through the Ripping Rooms, the Spotting Department and the Rotting Yards, remarked to Mr. B., that, since his statistics showed that the number of rips and tears and spottings and scorchings occasioned by the various establishments from which the firm drew business remained almost the same fron year to year, there must be a limit to the growth of the industry. Now limits are anathema to Mr. Beezlehurst. An acquaintance once jokingly remarked, "Well, Beezlehurst, with you the sky is the limit!" and was cut off the calling list. Mr. B. admits no limit. He foresaw the necessity of raising the ante. With this idea in mind he engaged a squad of trusted men. Their business is to ride on public conveyances armed with little grease guns. A trial expedition in Hamilton increased the complaints in that city by 24.007 per cent. in one month. The laundry workers known as the Scorchers obtain employment for the purpose of stirring up business in their own field. Amos Quiddlepip, who holds the present record, scorched seventeen sheets and thirty-two shirts in four days in a local laundry. For this service he was promoted as soon as he was bailed out. Recent additions to the New Business Origination Department include the Stocking Rippers, a very highly specialized branch which calls for a great deal of tact and gymnastics.

Interviewed recently, Mr. Beezlehurst said, "I owe it all to the little woman." The reference of course is to the dear lady with the twenty-one-fifty frock and not to Mrs. B., who is not what one would call a little woman. At any rate, not to her face. Mr. B. said further, "I do not think that a low tariff would benefit the Maritimes and I am whole-heartedly in favour of a national Fathers' Day. Mussolini is a great man and the old-fashioned dances are best. My message to the younger generation is to work hard and use your head."

"Do you know, you are so clever and charming and brilliant that I really feel embarrassed in your presence."

"But you mustn't; really you must not!"

"Oh, I dare say I'll get over it when I know you better."

* * *

Local Only

Sambo: "Ah feels kindah funny. Ah thinks ah'm wanderin' in mah mind."

Jazzbo: "Well if you is, all I gotta say is dat you am gonna take a mighty short trip!"

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Managing Editor—J. E. McDougall

An Age of Disillusionment

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, much heralded and acclaimed as the most advanced era in the history of the world, is annually chalking up new records in progress in almost every human field of endeavour. It is inevitable perhaps that with the widening of our horizon and the deeper probing into the machinery of the cosmos, there should result disillusionment, and with it the throwing off of our more mediaeval beliefs, dear though they may be to our hearts.

In the field of invention wonders have been achieved and are being achieved daily. In the sciences the keen-minded research-worker is constantly mapping out and surveying the hitherto unexplored regions so fascinatingly described in Paul de Kruif's new book, "Microbe Hunters." Under the heading of man's care of his fellow man, we may look with satisfaction upon the fact that at least the United States and Canada are now bone-dry and that the degrading effect of alcohol is no longer a negative factor in our advancement. In architecture our age has truly achieved a great measure of beauty, perhaps most spectacularly displayed in the recessional buildings of New York, which Thomas Hardy couples with the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay as the only great things in the United States to-day. We must not forget our advancement in the field of the theatre. The magnificent steps made by Messrs. Shubert and the martyred Earl Carroll have coupled the stage with the anatomy class in a manner which the box office shows to be highly satisfactory.

All these phenomena are in the nature of explorations, and it is the discovering of new lands itself which symbolizes advancement and shall perhaps be the tag by which future students name our times just as the end of the fifteenth century is notable for the discovery of America. Here, too, we have excelled, and here perhaps we bump hardest against uncomfortable facts. The air voyages of Messrs. Amundsen, Nobile and Ellsworth and of Commander Byrd have pushed back the limits of our vision a vast step further. The Frozen North has been conquered, but ah! the bitter lesson! There is small comfort for the readers of newspaper accounts of these exploits, and little solace for the movie patrons who view the photographic story of these explorations. For the thinking man and woman, and even more, the thinking child there is a bitter pill to swallow. Perhaps this is the reason for Commander Byrd's hesitancy about appearing before the Royal Geographic Society in London, for none of them, Amundsen, Nobile, Ellsworth, Byrd or any of the attendants on their trips have been able to tell us that they have discovered even the slightest trace of Santa Claus. Truly, we are paying a price for progress!

Potage Canadien

Exploring Canada

It is a peculiar thing that this summer, which will see in all probability a tourist business from the United States surpassing previous records, will also witness a great egress of Canadians seeking recreation and scenic beauty in all parts of the world. Insularity is deplorable but it is difficult to imagine a man who has seen the beauties of Canada from the Mallahat drive to the Annapolis Valley returning to his hearth with a narrow outlook upon the world in general. Canada presents to the tourist a vast variety of scenery and life. The panorama, from the Atlantic fishing villages, through the rolling beauty of the land of Evangeline, through ancient French Canada, Northern Ontario, whether one choose the great forest stillnesses, the gay hotel life of the lakes or the chaste grandeur of Georgian Bay, the golden prairies of the West, the Rockies to Vancouver and the little corner of England that is Victoria, contains a prospect to please every taste. There is adventure aplenty for Canadians who go exploring at home.

* * *

Horse-Swapping

Something of the old license with the truth which formerly was allowed in horse-swapping and which was the basis of many a yarn in the days before gasoline buggies has been handed down to the used car sale of today. Few people expect to get the price they ask for their newly polished pride of a year that is past. The foundation is thus laid for a bracing argument. The much abused chariot, the garage man's delights suddenly takes on the attribute, of the perfect machine; an attachment never before felt grows up for it in the heart of the owner. Proudly he displays its parts; the engine over which he has cussed so heartily on many a sad occasion is now displayed with all the ceremony appropriate to a priceless relic. If the new buyer discovers a few days later that the smooth movement of the engine on the day of sale was due to an overdose of oil he keeps his peace, for well he knows that it is all within the code and that his own day will come. The romance of trade is still with us.

* * *

Comparative Satisfaction

There are few activities in this world which, outside of the pecuniary remuneration, vouchsafe to the worker such a liberal reward as that of editing a magazine. The tribulations of the editorial desk are notorious; the writer to whom has been assigned "eight inches about a cat" frequently turns up with "five inches about a rabbit"; the constant reader in Fernie, B.C., cancels his subscription because an article on evolution has offended his maiden aunt. Inspiration is a fickle jade; it's a tough life. But for utter satisfaction I challenge the bond salesman blotting the signature on the dotted line, the furniture manufacturer surveying his newest line of antiques and the Crown Attorney hearing the sentence pronounced to compare his joy with that of the editor who has received the first copy of the current issue of his periodical from the printer, fresh in its colours and redolent of drying ink. Verily, all the perfumes of Arabia cannot vie with that aroma.

* * *

Confession

There is a story going round at the expense of the boys with the brief cases and striped ties which merits repeating. It appears that two old friends met after a long parting. One of them had in the palmy days been a bartender. The conversation was somewhat as follows:

"Well, well, Fred, how the deuce are you? What are you doing these days, now that the government put you out of a job?"

"Hello, Pete, darn glad to see you. How's everything?"

"What are you doing now, Fred?

"What do you say we shoot a game of pool this afternoon?"

"Fine, Fred. What are you doing now anyway?"

"Did you see the game with Baltimore, Pete? It was a knockout. The way the pitching of—"

"No, I didn't see it, Fred. What are you doing now?"

"Let's go out to the races this afternoon. I've got a few absolutely sure tips. What d'you say?"

"Look here, Fred. You and I have been good friends for too long for us to have any secrets. What's more you know I can keep quiet if it's necessary. Tell me, what is it? What are you doing for a living now?"

"Pete, I'll tell you if you'll promise not to tell a soul. I couldn't help it. I have to eat. I'm a—oh, gosh, Pete—well, if you must know I'm a bond salesman!"

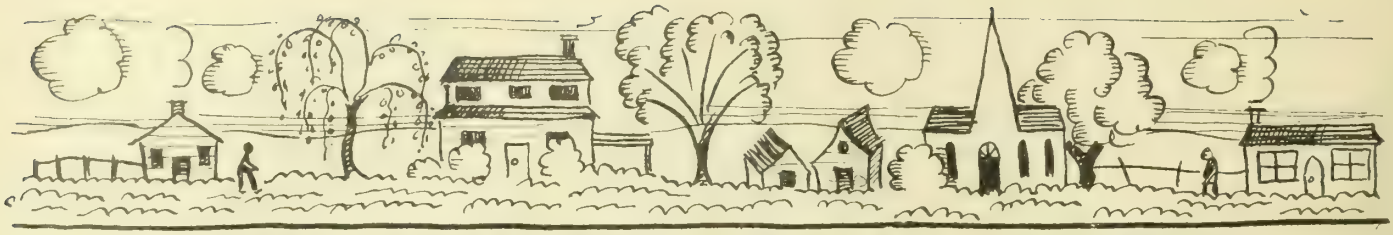
Two More Definitions

The Movie Queen

The Movie Queen's
A lovely lass,
Combining vir-
Tue, brains and class.
Her favorite books,
Uplifting ones,
Like "Love's Reward,"
Who's Who and Dun's.

The Traffic Cop

The Traffic Cop's
A jolly chap,
He's all good will
From toe to cap.
With gentle thoughts
His mind's a-gleam;
He eats hot must-
Ard for ice cream.



MORE WILLOW VILLAGE TYPES

BY LRH

Jimmy Horne

Jimmy Horne, who works in the printing-office, will call upon Hollis Evans as soon as he gets up nerve enough, but in the meantime he affects an interest in her father's trees. Hollis isn't so difficult, but her mother keeps the boarding-house, and the front steps are always swarming with young men, not only superior to Jimmy in the matter of clothes and deportment, but in the more serious matters of years and financial standing as well. They are sophisticated, urbane, and they treat Hollis with dizzying off-hand friendliness. They take her canoeing, motoring, dancing; and Jimmy wonders gloomily if he is ever going to make any headway with his spring suit what it is and his wages what they are. But he has not lost heart, for he has gathered an impression from Hollis' manner that he would be welcome if only he had courage enough to walk up to the front door and ask for her. Usually he gets as far as the gate and then he swerves off to the side lawn where Peter Evans is busy with his trees. "Buds on the lilacs already?" he calls with a false and painfully forced geniality. And Mr. Evans, deep in the mysteries of tree-culture, regales him with a three-hour lecture on the proper method of pruning crab-apple trees. Night after night Jimmy listens sick-hearted, despairing, while Hollis in a gay light dress and sweater, flits down the walk with one or other of the superior young men. One night she came down the walk alone, hesitated, walked on, then paused again and called to him: "Want to watch the canoe races, Jimmy?"

"No!" roared Peter Evans. "He wants to be left alone! Can't you see all he cares about is learning how to grow trees? Got more sense than to waste his evenings skittering about as you do. Go away, go away. Leave him alone."

Miss Harper

Miss Harper is the Willow Village high school teacher, and she is too thin. Some devastating experience early in life has embittered her attitude to marriage and given her an insatiable propensity for discovering signs of incompatibility in the lives of her acquaintances. She goes through life pecking flaws out of apparently satisfactory marriages as a hen pecks grain. The first three years Miss Harper was in Willow Village she was desperately unhappy. There had not been, in all that time, a single sign of a domestic flare-up in town. Then Tom Freeman, the milkman, a pale, patient little man with pathetic eyes, became intoxicated on some of Art Secord's home brew and hit his wife with a watering-can, bruising her shoulder rather badly. The next day Miss Harper went about, vivacious, ecstatic, her sharp brown eyes sparkling with pleasure. "What did I tell you?" she said triumphantly.

The Minister's Children

The minister's children are not his idea of what children ought to be at all. The kind of children he wanted to have, in fact, the kind of children he confidently expected to have, were the starry-eyed, immaculate cherubs one sees in the illustrations of the Sunday-School papers, listening with folded hands and shining faces to wise parental injunctions. These children are changelings. They never listen with folded hands; they cannot be kept immaculate for ten consecutive seconds; and only by the greatest difficulty can they be kept still long enough for their father to make even the briefest wise parental injunction. Three-year-old Eva is the only one with starry eyes, and she has caused him more wrath and embarrassment than all the other children put together. The others are annoying enough, but they do sit achingly through his sermons on Sunday mornings, and they don't publicly disgrace him. Baby Eva publicly disgraces him. The last time she was in church, during his particularly strong sermon on: "The Failures of the Younger Generation." He was just launching into the third paragraph when little Eva's clear voice rang out: "Oh, I don't fint so." He faltered and began again. "Oh, I don't *fint* so." Then, after a brief ghastly pause and a determined

third start: "Oh, I don't *fink so.*" She was taken home and put to bed as a punishment, but made her escape just as the people were coming out of church, and tore around and around the house, clad only in a red woollen blanket and a pair of goose feathers, giving a reasonably clever imitation of a village-circus Indian doing a war-dance.

Mrs. McCall

Mrs. McCall is short and very near-sighted, so she always takes a seat at the very back of the moving picture theatre to be near the door in case of fire. She is passionately fond of fairs and parades, but is so afraid of being trampled to death in the crowds that she always stays on the outer fringe, and so misses everything that is going on. She attends the circus when it comes to Willow Village, but she never really sees anything, for she stays away at the back for fear of being pushed into the track of the wild animals. One year the McCalls motored through the Rocky Mountains, but Mrs. McCall didn't really see them, for she sat in the back of the closed car all the time, making first aid kits in case of accidents, and reading a handbook on: "The Dangers of Motoring."

* * *

A Short Week

An old maid kept a parrot that had a bad habit of swearing. She didn't mind hearing it swear so much during the week, but she always put a cover on the cage over Sunday and this kept the parrot quiet until Monday morning when she took the cover off.

One Monday afternoon she saw the preacher coming to call on her and she threw the cover over the parrot's cage to keep it quiet during the time the preacher was there.

After the preacher had been there for a short time, he stepped up to the cage and removed the cover and the parrot squawked out, "This has sure been a damn short week!"

"Are you sure the poor fellow is quite dead?"
"Absolutely. He didn't stir when somebody pulled a flask out and his name's MacTavish."

"They say Jones is very proud of his wife."
"Well he's got a lot to be proud of."

A New All-Canadian Product

Prof. JAMES A. COWAN replies to a Correspondent

Last month, in this magazine, a solution of all the Dominion's problems was carelessly outlined. This was done out of pure goodness of heart and from that universal human impulse to talk learnedly concerning subjects about which one knows nothing. The motives behind it, therefore, can not be questioned.

But it is a smart wind that doesn't give some person a cold in the head.

"As the mother of six children," writes Mrs. G. A. S., "I write to ask you what in hell you think you are doing by solving our country's problems all at once. You say you do this because it will give Parliament nothing more to do and make our legislators shut up and go home.

"But suppose other people who don't know any better do the same as you have done and solving our country's problems becomes a habit. The first thing we know our legislators are going to be at home all the time. Let me tell you right here and now that an M.P. is no good at all around the house. What are we going to do with our politicians in their spare time? When a man once becomes one of the group which runs the Dominion he is not much good for anything else. You are going to have a whole batch of politicians with nothing to do. As afternoon tea ornaments, they are not as good as curates, though I have successfully used one as a dummy at bridge.

"Some districts, of course, may find it possible to dispose of their party leaders at a profit or lease them out to tell bedtime stories over the radio, but in my case there is no solution. I am married to one of them."

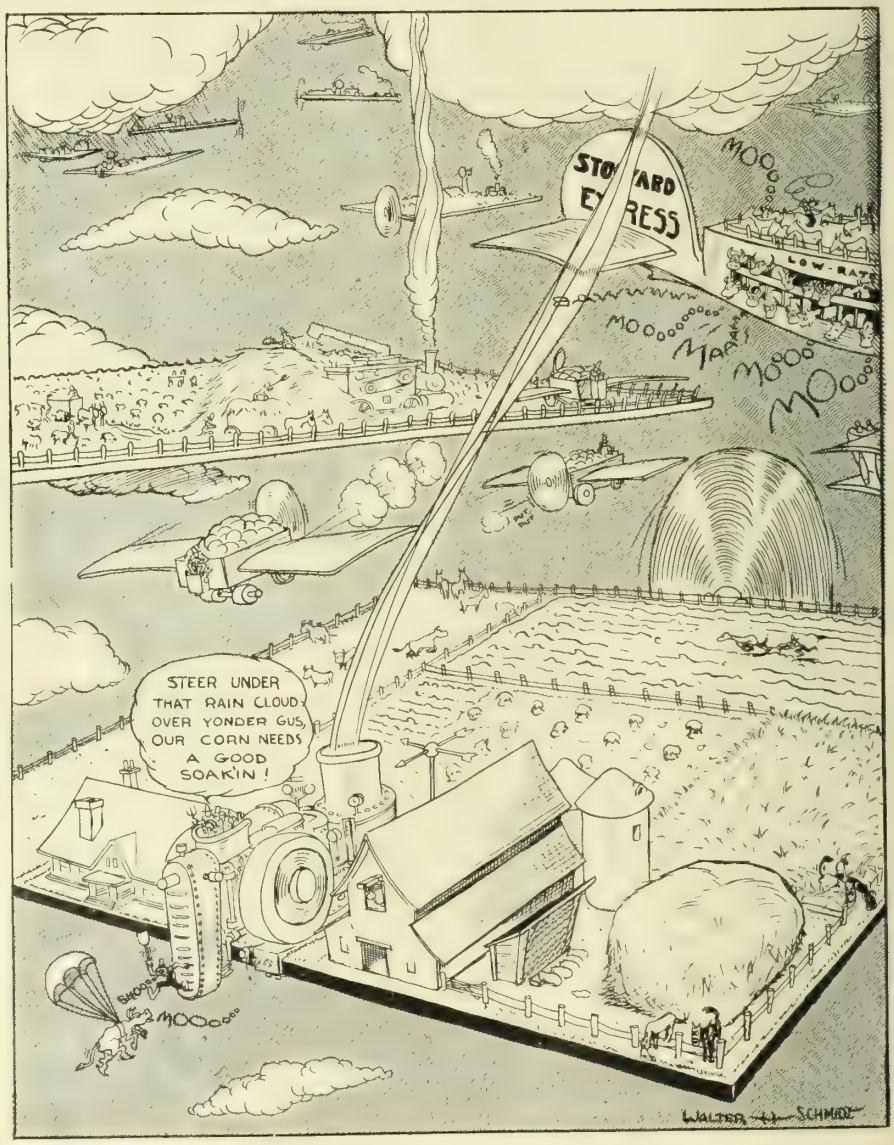
Mrs. G. A. S. may calm herself The future holds great things for the politicians and they themselves have demonstrated their capabilities in an important line of endeavour.

There is a constant demand for a well-known product and, until very recently, imports have been the chief source of supply. Scandal is the product in question. Many Canadian organizations have been worried by the staggering and astounding news stand sales of tabloid papers and smut periodicals. As everyone knows, the mission of this type of literature is the creation of scandals. If they were not popular with certain types of Canadians, they would not be bought in such large quantities. In other words, if scandal were not popular, there would be no market for them.

It is generally agreed that it would be advisable to kill their sales in this country and, on the facts of the case, it may be necessary, in order to do this, to compete

(*Continued on page 36*)

One Hundred Years from Now



The Farmer

On a Country Road

"What is the way to Centretown?"

"To what?"

"To Centretown."

"Well, you can go two or three different ways, if you want to."

"Which is the best way?"

"Well, it's sort of hard to say which one is the best."

"Which is a good way?"

"Well, they're all pretty good. I suppose the Turnpike to Tuttle's Fields is as good as any."

"Which is the Turnpike?"

"Well, you pass Meadow Street—"

"Where is Meadow Street?"

"Well, it's just beyond Spruce Avenue."

"But where is Spruce Avenue?"

"Well, Spruce Avenue is just off Market Street."

"But—"

"Well, after you pass Meadow Street, you take the second turning to the left—that's Jessup's Road—and the third to the right—that's Clayton Lane—and if you follow Clayton Lane long enough, it'll take you into the Turnpike. Then you'll come to a cross-road, where there's a sign-post, and the sign-post will show you the road to Centreville."

"But I want to go to Centretown."

"To what?"

"Centretown."

"Oh, you want to go to Centretown?"

* * *

Eggs-actly

You may question my statement, 'tis quite a correct one,
Although just at first it may seem rather tough,
In most places people eat two eggs for breakfast,
In France they find that one egg is "un oeuf."

"I'd like to see the head cheese."
"Sorry, he's out to lunch just now, ma'am."

Grandmother (to little boy who never puts his toys away): "Bob, would you like me to tell you a story? . .
"Once upon a time there was a very good little boy who always put away his toys, etc., etc."
Bob (when story was finished): "I'll tell you a story now, Grandmother. Once upon a time there was a cat—and it barked."

A Shining Light

A soldierly old man had just given a quarter to an Irish tramp.

"Thanks, yer honor; may Hivin bless yer and may every hair in yer head be a candle light to yer glory."

"Well", said the old man as he removed his hat showing a shiny pate, "when that day comes there won't be any torchlight procession for me!"

* * *

Travelogue

The small boy had been asked by the teacher to write a composition on the inhabitants of Hawaii and their customs and manners.

After chewing on his pencil for an hour he turned in the following:

"they ain't got no manners and they don't wear no customs!"

"This house goes back to William the Conqueror."
"What's the matter with it? Doesn't it suit?"

Zoological Love Song

The hippopotamus, though dumb,
May tell his sweetheart of his passion,
Can woo and win his sugar plum
In hippopotamimic fashion.

A pelican, with looks to say
The very least, unprepossessing,
Is oft philanderously gay
And keeps a dozen sweethearts guessing.

Even a sloth upon a limb
In obvious austerity
Needs none to shed a tear for him;
His pose is rank hypocrisy.

But, love, when you and I are met,
I'm much worse off than beasts and birds are,
For when you're by I quite forget
Where all man's boasted gifts of words are.

—*S.M.*

What this country really needs is a good five-cent parking place.

"We got a moon like that over at our place."

Military Tactics

The pretty girl was eagerly watching the drill at a training camp when a rifle volley crashed out. With a surprised scream she shrank back into the arms of the young man standing behind her.

"Oh!" she cried, blushing. "I was frightened by the rifles! I beg your pardon."

"No need," the young man quickly replied, "Let's go over there and watch the artillery."

* * *

Charge of the Hooch Brigade

Lions to the right of me,
Snakes to the left of me,
Monkeys behind me—
No wonder I wondered
If the guy who had sold me that stuff
HADN'T BLUNDERED!

A Recital

Conceived in Malice by ALDEN DANIELS

"IT was darling of you to suggest this recital. How did you know I was just dippy over music? Well, I am. Most chaps are different though; they'd never think of asking a girl to go to a recital or anything—well, uplifting—if you know what I mean. They think all a girl wants to do is dance all the time and eat chicken salad sandwiches. I may be funny that way, but I'm different, I guess. I always say, no matter how busy you are you ought to put aside an hour or so a month to improving yourself. Don't you think so? I do. Myra, though, she's different. That's the blonde that was in the hall at the boarding house when you came in. She's got a fiancé that works in Fink's music store; I guess that's why he never takes her out to hear any music. I always say to her she misses a whole lot. I think good music is kind of—well, uplifting—if you know what I mean. I'd die if it wasn't for music I guess. Even when I was a little kiddie I was that way. My mother used to sing "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me" and I'd cry. My mother always used to say, 'Annie, I guess you'd die if it wasn't for music.' That is good music I mean.

There they come now. That fellow with the biggest fiddle isn't bad, but you know they never get any real good-lookers in these sympathy orchestras now, do they? There was a boy that played the traps at the Beach last summer and he was really the best-looking thing, even though he was artistic. Funny though, you never can tell. You wouldn't think to look at me that I was, would you? Oh, no, you wouldn't; I can tell. But I am. Like I was at the show last week with a boy from the office and when we came out he said, 'Why what's the matter, Annie, you been crying?' I told him no, but I had. I just couldn't help it when they played "Hearts and Flowers" in the picture where she says good-bye to him forever till he proves he didn't steal the bonds from her father's bank, just the day before they were going to be married, so she tells him good-bye. My! it was sad! I'm funny that way; I guess it's my temperament. Thank goodness that's over—the piece they played, I mean.

I didn't think much of that number, did you? I guess they've got to play over a few first like that to sort of get warmed up. Gee! I hope they play "Humoresque." I'll cry if they do. I will. You wait and see. I bet you I do. There was a boy had a saxaphone up at the hotel summer before last and every time he played "Humoresque" I cried. Honest. I am crazy about music.

You don't look like you enjoyed that one much either. I hope you're not like some fellows—just put on they like music to impress a girl. I hate a guy like that. There was a queer bird at the Beach last week. He had long hair and he brought a violin along with him and he acted like he hadn't had anything to eat but sour pickles for a week. Said he was a compositor. Well, none of

(*Continued on page 46*)

"The explorer uses strategy in dispersing the South Sea Islanders!"

"When I lie down like this for a quiet think, I realize 'ow tempus fugit is creepin' on."
"I couldn't 'ave told you the foreign name, but they're creepin' on me too!"

Insurance as Is

A Jewish merchant had insured his house for two thousand dollars. The house burned down and the insurance company's representative came to him and said:

"Your house was old and dilapidated; it was not worth two thousand dollars. We will give you one thousand dollars or build you a new house; a bigger and better one."

The merchant was very angry; he wanted the two thousand dollars. However, he eventually thought it wise to take the one thousand dollars. Whereupon the insurance man—like most of 'em—suggested that, having settled that little matter satisfactorily, the merchant might do further business with him. Was his life insured? Yes! Was his wife's? No! Why not?

"I vill tell it to you vy not!" replied the merchant, "Suppose I insure my vife for two tousand dollars? Ven she die you come to me und say: 'Your vife vas old und dilapidated—she vas not vort two tousand dollars! Ve vill gif you vun tousand dollars —or a bigger und better vife.' Bah—goniff, get outer my store else I lose my temper by you! Loafer! Schlemiel! Get out!" —*Mont Hart.*

* * *

Posterity

Our scientific whirlwinds, specializing in the stuff that ancient civilizations were made of, will unearth a bevy of relics somewhere and then proceed to generalize on the lives of long dead peoples.

It's a bum system.

Suppose in 2,900 years a gang of professors dig a bunch of beautiful brown illustrated sections of the Sunday papers out of the ruins of what once was Sammy Lichtman's news stand and proceed to write high brow text books on prehistoric Canadians with these as a basis! —*J.A.C.*

* * *

After a somewhat casual, not to say cursory, perusal of the matter, one is inclined to agree that the American nation has taken far, far too seriously, the aged gag about not giving a hoot so far as law-making is concerned as long as one can take a hand in jazzing up the country's popular ballads.

Horrified Daughter: "Father, that swearing is terrible!"
Perspiring Papa: "I know, my dear, but it will improve. The golf season has just started."

The Origin of a Certain Business Cliche

It was the year 61 A.D.

The Business Men's Study Group of the Rotary Club of Rome were holding a conference in a private room in the New Forum Hotel. They were studying geometry. Marcus Catullus, the prominent Roman candle merchant, was attempting to prove one of Euclid's propositions on a blackboard for the edification of the other members.

He wasn't getting very far with it. Finally he gave it up. So did the rest of the class.

Then a member named Spurius Ernestus spoke up.

"Marc," he said, "at home I have a slave from Anglia who is very well educated and who coaches my boys in mathematics. Now my thought on this subject is that it would be a good idea if I sent for him to come over here. He might be able to give us some help in this matter."

"Why, thanks, Spur," replied Marcus Catullus heartily. "That is fine of you. I'd like to get your Angle on this proposition."

—Keith Crombie.

* * *

"I'd like a drink, but I have nothing in the house except some very poor, diluted, bootleg Scotch."

"Ah! The flesh is willing but the spirit's week."

* * *

A Shorn Lamb

Cornelius lost the dough he had
In bucking Wall Street's game;
And that, at once, put him in bad
With Caroline, his dame.
She threw him over instantly,
A heartless act, I know,
"But then, I have no use," said she,
"For Cupid's broken beau!"

—W.M.B.

Urban Chanteys

"Be sure my wave is permanent,"
The little Flapper said,
"Oh, make my wavelets permanent,
For I shall soon be wed;
If afterwards he finds I'm plain
I'll have to go to work again.
Be sure my wave is permanent,"
The little Flapper said.

"Oh, all our waves are permanent,"
Said the dresser of the hairs;
"Our clients all are beautiful
And marry millionaires;
And we'll be sure they're permanent,
So you can go ahead
And find a hub that's permanent."
The hirsute artist said.

E. R. Durand.

* * *

Had Heard It Before

Wife (reading): "I see where "The Perennial Bachelor—"

Hubby: "Ha! I know that one. He's fallen from his horse again!"

Near-sighted Customer: "I have asked you three times to show me some collars. If you don't do something soon, I will go somewhere else."

The Origin of a Famous Expression

There once lived four brothers all subject to violent fits. Their names were, in ascending order of age, Axftzl, Psncjf, Ymgustfd and Csd.

Now, of the four, Csd was in the far worst plight, He was always having fits. The family doctor gave him, at most, a year to live.

Shortly after the doctor made this pronouncement, Psncfj got a terrible fit in a tailor shop and died within a few days. A month or two later, Ymgusftd, despite family opposition, joined a travelling circus. As he was totally unfitted for this life by reason of his fits, he soon succumbed. And before the year expired, Axftzl, who was fitter than you would imagine (he was a steam-fitter by trade), came to grief. He had a fit just as he was fitting a section of heavy pipe over his head. They did all they could for him at the hospital, but it was impossible to save him.

The only brother left now was Csd. Although he had many fits, he lived on in spite of the doctor's prediction. Years passed, the doctor himself died, but still Csd hung on, apparently no nearer the grave than before.

Everyone was amazed. It remained for one of Csd's acquaintances to sum the thing up in a witty phrase that has since become famous. "This," he said, "is the survival of the fittest."

—R. K. Hall

A Summer Serenade

Now the summertime, returning,
Bids us leave the smoky city,
Bid adieu the pavements burning.
My canoe, so light and pretty,
Restless waits with wanton yearning
To transport us down the river
Where the ferry boat is churning
Up the mud, and all a-quiver
Are the paper boxes floating
From the haunts of gay picnickers.
Come, my love and let's be boating
Where the golden sunlight flickers
On the sewage! Let us find us
Blown by gently, scented zephyrs
From the gas-works that remind us,
Of the abbatoir's sad heifers!
There we'll keep love's sweet appointment,
Where the cats go drifting slow,
Then we'll buy some insect ointment
And we'll page the medico.

—Stephen Moon.

* * *

Life on the Mississip'

A fellow once applied at the office of a big steamboat line in St. Louis for a job as pilot on one of the boats plying between St. Louis and Memphis.

"Do you know where all of the snags in the river are?" asked the superintendent.

"No," replied the Applicant, "I don't!"

"Then what in the devil do you mean by coming here and asking for a job as a pilot then?" asked the surly superintendent.

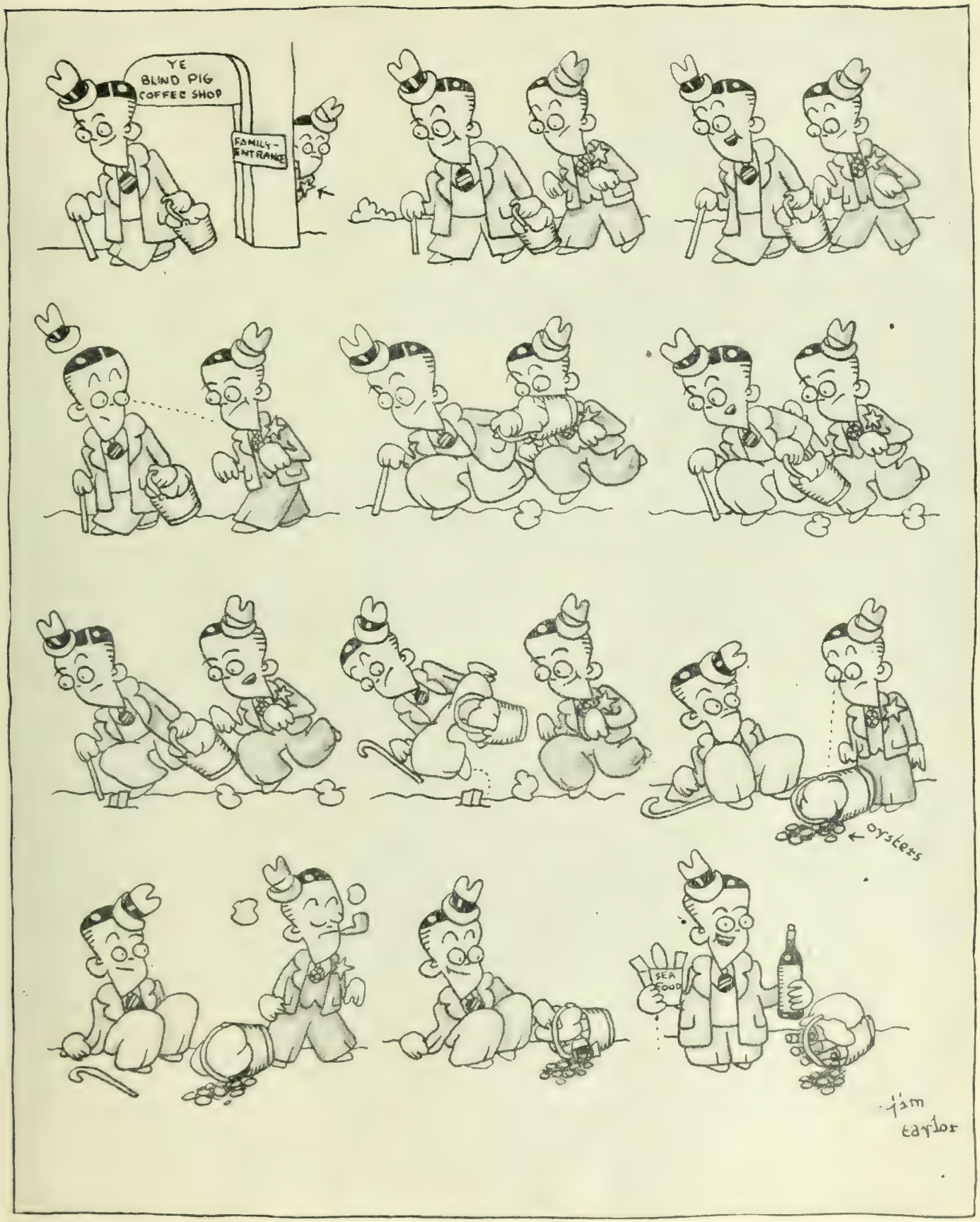
"Well," replied the man, "maybe I don't know where all of the snags ARE, but I know where they AIN'T, and that's where I do MY pilotin'!" replied the applicant for the job.

He got the job.

* * *

A new $3,000,000 hotel in Chicago will be named "The Coolidge." It ought to be a nice quiet place.

"Oh, Emily, let down the drafts."



A Deep Sea Mystery

ALEMITE HIGH PRESSURE

SPRING SONG OF A NEGLECTED CHASSIS

Birds in his belfry,
To his friends' great sorrow;
Chirps in his chassis,
Repair bills to-morrow.

Crazy, isn't it, but those little Imps of Friction make any car-owner coo-coo. Tell your service man to Alemite your car.

Alemite Products Co. Canada, Ltd.
BELLEVILLE, CANADA
Please send me your folder "When Your Speedometer Says 500 Miles, Stop."
Name .....
Address .....
Prov. ..... My car is a ..... Year .....

Are Yours?

for better accessories

STEWART-WARNER

Accessories should be as good as the car!

An Important Campaign for Better Accessories

YOU buy a certain make of car because you know that it is built of material that gives the utmost service. Also because this car has withstood the test of perhaps years of performance on the road under the identical conditions that you will meet with your car.

Buy your accessories by the same test.

Know WHO is the maker of your accessories. Is he a success? Has he been making accessories long enough to build into his products the qualities that will meet today's driving conditions?

There's a "lot in a name" both when buying a car and buying the accessories needed to go with the car.

Your safety is most secure, when selecting accessories, if you select a name such as Stewart-Warner.

Stewart-Warner Accessories have TWENTY YEARS' experience built into them.

You cannot buy better accessories than those bearing the Stewart-Warner name.

Yet, these essential accessories, are within reach of the most economical automobile owner.

Stewart-Warner production has been perfected on so large a scale —with such extensive resources —that it brings the best within reach of the millions—at the lowest prices consistent with quality.

Buy your accessories as you buy your car—according to the reliability of the name of the maker.

If you do this you will always get the best service—the best protection—and you will be the proud owner of a car perfectly equipped —whose value will be preserved because of this protection.

Be guided by the Stewart-Warner reliable name.

STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS SERVICE STATIONS

Toronto, Regina, Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Edmonton

Stewart-Warner

The Complete Line of Better Accessories—

Shock Absorbers, Bumpers, Rear Fender Guards, Spotlights, Electric Horns, Electric Windshield Cleaners, Rear Vision Mirrors, Speedometers, Heaters, Vacuum Tanks

—ALSO—

Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENTS · TUBES REPRODUCER AND ACCESSORIES

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

One of our National Messages during 1926 reaching the potential car buyers in every community.

"Of course they all have a slight motion, madame." —*New Yorker.*

Remember

When you and I were seventeen!
Remember, dear? I do—
Your gingham gowns and chestnut curls
And laughing eyes of blue;
Remember by the old mill pond
The time our lips first met—
You taught me everything you'd learned
Of life and love—and yet
You were so smooth I never knew,
Alas! until too late,
When you and I were seventeen
That you were twenty-eight.

—*Froth*

* * *

Teacher: "Isadore, use the word 'statuesque' in a sentence."

Isadore: "Vot statuesque?"

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*

* * *

Perfect

Teacher: "Johnny, give me a sentence using 'profanity.'"

Johnny: "Dammit!"

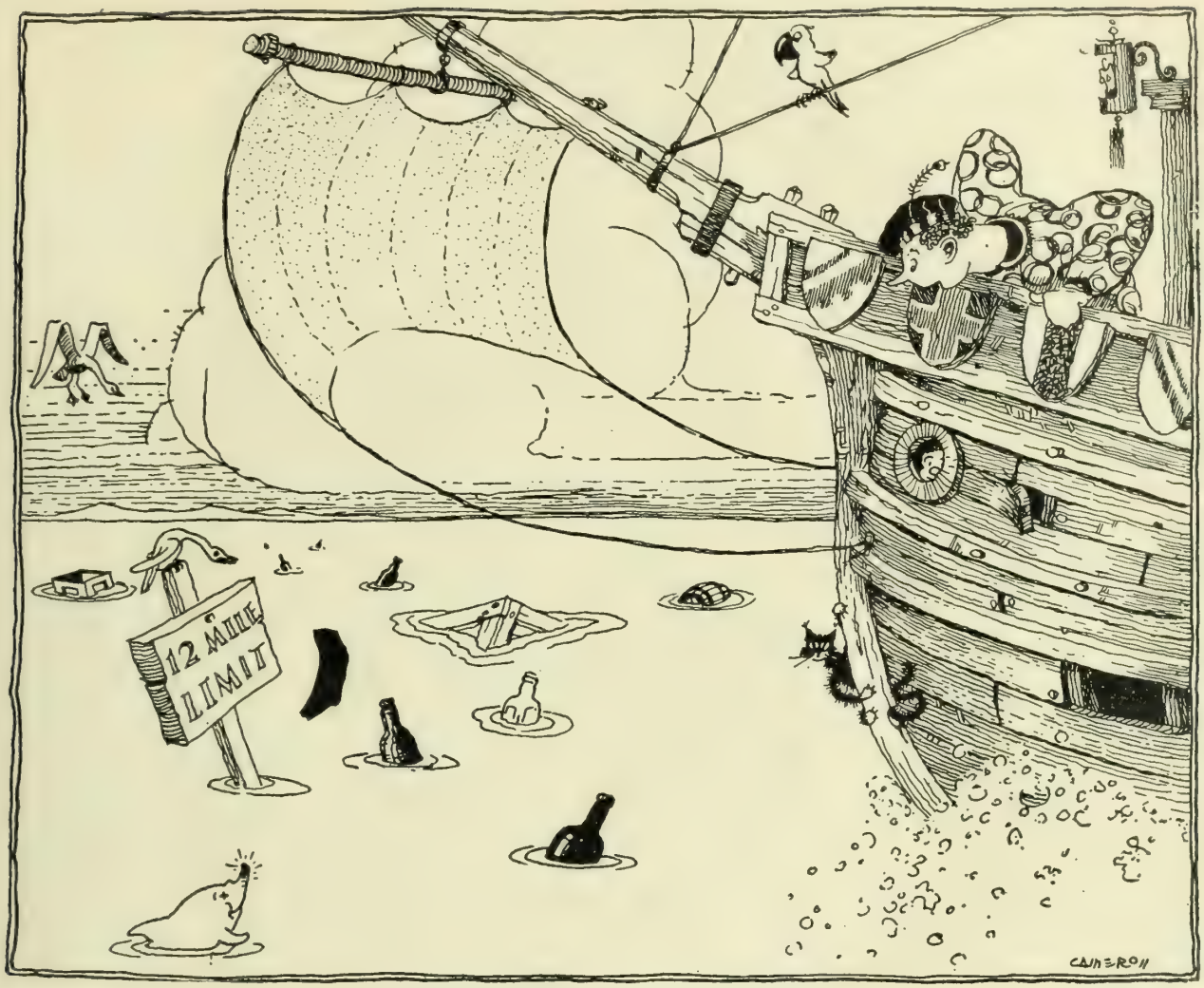
—*Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*

Now we know why so many stations broadcast jazz. It can't be interrupted by static.

—*N.Y.U. Medley*

"He couldn't stand skating"

—*Record.*



"How Columbus knew it was America." —*Widow.*

Astigmatism

She was frightfully near-sighted and couldn't recognize things more than a yard away. Her lover didn't know of it yet and she was going to make sure he didn't find out. Before he called this evening, she placed a pin in a tree about fifty feet from a bench where she was certain they would sit.

Sure enough, they strolled for some time in the garden and then he suggested sitting on the bench.

"Oh, look at the pin in that tree over there!" she exclaimed.

"Don't be foolish! You couldn't possibly see a pin in that tree over there. Why it's over fifty feet away."

"You come with me and I'll prove there's a pin in that tree."

She grabbed him by the hand and they started for the tree.

On the way, she stumbled over a cow.

—*Tiger.*

* * *

Peter—"How many in your family?"

Pan—"Nine."

Peter—"Are you the oldest?"

Pan—"No, my father."

—*Centre Colonial.*

* * *

"Actions speak louder than words."

"Don't be so noisy."

—*Banter.*

Strange

An old deaf lady was being introduced to a gentleman.

"Mrs. Morris, I would like you to meet Mr. Heifindinger."

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. Heifindinger."

"That's funny; it sounded just like Heifindinger."

—*Lyre.*

* * *

Simple Arithmetic

Prof.—"How many make a dozen?"

Class—"Twelve."

Prof.—"How many make a million?"

Class—"Darn few." —*Log.*

Careless

"Do you file your finger nails?"

"No, I just throw them away after I cut them off."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

* * *

Butcher Gay Pome

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hand in mine
And liver 'round me every day
We'll seek a ham-let far away;
We'll meet life's frown with love's caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

—Ranger.

* * *

Definition

Teacher: "How many know the difference between a stoic and a cynic?"

Ikey: "I do. A cynic is de place vere you vash de dishes vile de stoik iss de boid that brings de baby."

—Whirlwind.

* * *

Fed Up?

Relax: "What's the height of inconsistency?"

Reflux: "A vaudeville contortionist refusing to sleep in an upper berth!"

* * *

Father: "My boy, why are you burning all those postage stamps?"

Son: "I flunked out of the correspondence school."

—Pelican.

* * *

The luckiest fleas in the world were on the Ark. A dog apiece.

—Voo Doo.

* * *

"What do you charge for a ticket to Podunk?"

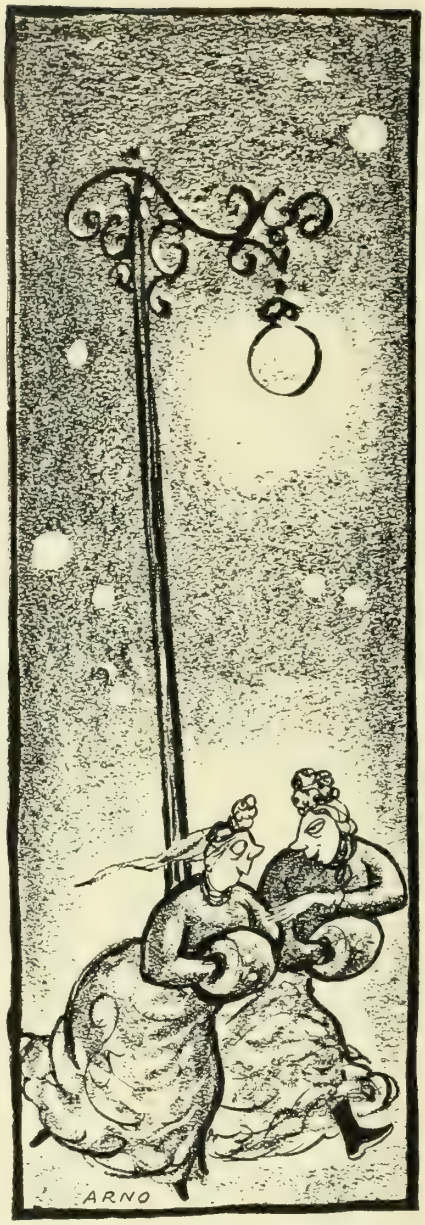
"We don't charge anything. You pay cash or walk."

—Purple Parrot.

* * *

The Campus Romeo says he has named his left arm "The Wanderer of the Waistlines."

—Belle Hop.



"Tripe? Oh, I'm mad about tripe!"

"Me too. I always say I'd do almost anything fer a bit o' tripe."

—New Yorker.

Beg Your Pardon!

Passenger: "Do you stop at the Shenley apartments?"

Motorman: "No, I can't afford to."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

* * *

Professor: "Tomorrow we will take the life of Cleopatra. Come prepared." *—Brown Jug.*

Not So Bad

"Oh!" exhaled the sweet young thing, "I want popularity in the worst way."

"Well," broadcasted her escort, "you'll get it if you go after it in that way."

—Orange Owl.

* * *

Visitor—"Can you tell me if Bill Jones is up in his room?"

Frosh—"Sorry, there's no one home on the top story."

Visitor—"Oh, excuse me, I'll ask someone else."

—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"I may be a garbage man's daughter, but I know a swell dump when I see it."

—Puppet.

* * *

Naughty! Naughty!

Madame X: "So you've been to Italy, have you? And how did you enjoy Bologna?"

Tourist: "Oh, just fine; but little Guinevere *would* swallow the skins."

—Chaparral.

* * *

One boozed was heard to say:

"Why, thish key's got a door on it."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

* * *

A Personal Touch

The professor had asked time and again for the students to put more personal touch in their themes, so one of the papers which he received ended thus:

"Well, professor, how are the wife and kiddies; and, by the way, before I forget it, could you lend me five dollars?"

—Penn Punch Bowl.

* * *

Reward of Merit

Sweet Young Thing: "And how did you win your D.S.O.?"

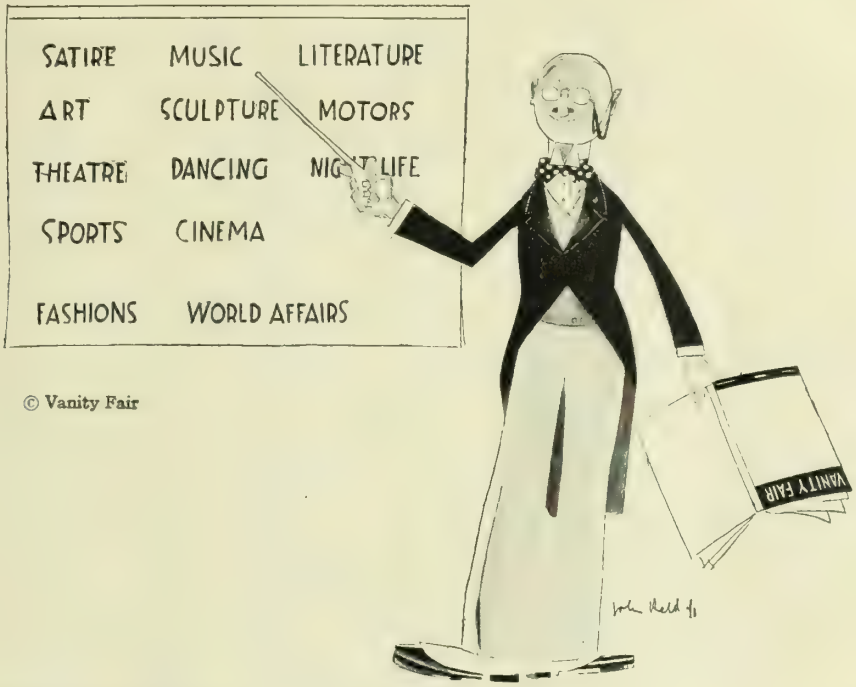
Tuff Old Sojer: "I saved the lives of my entire regiment."

S. Y. T.: "Wonderful! And how did you do that?"

T.O. S.: "I shot the cook."

—Purple Parrot.

P R O F E S S O R S !



© Vanity Fair

Have you mislaid Life?

Does your notion of modern literature stop short at Conrad? Did you abandon the theatre when Maude Adams retired? Did you stop dancing when the Castles appeared? Are all your dates in history and none on your engagement pad? Do your students call you "Old Something-or-other" and does it hurt a bit?

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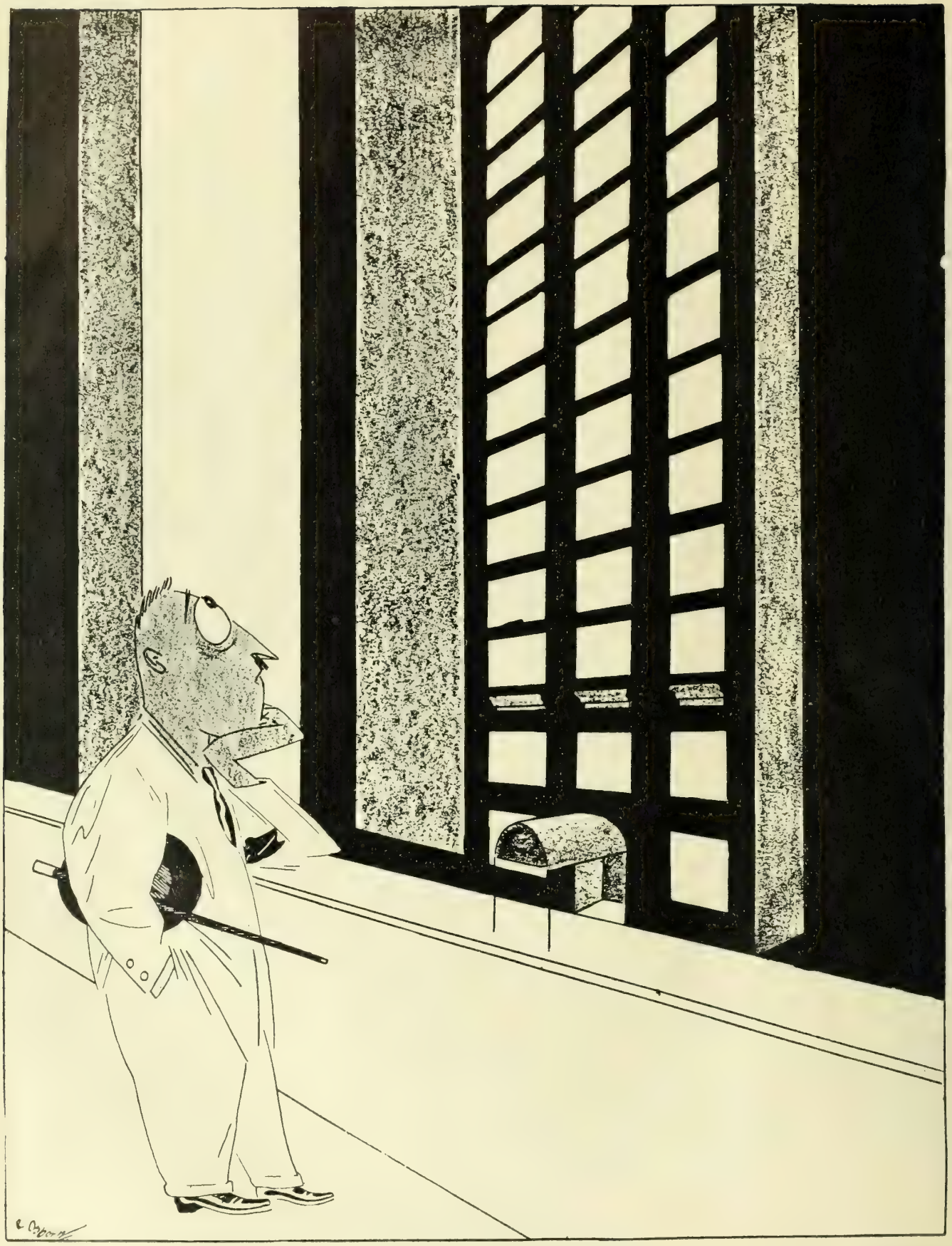

"Dear, dear, Mother's waiting up for me again!" —*Record.*

Nocturne

Do cats convene upon your alley
curb,
And with fierce yowlings, all your
dreams disturb?
Oh, scorn them not, nor all their
noise and din;
Nor yet, with missiles, on them
vengeance take.
In later days, some part of each
may make
The music of a master violin!

—*Myrtle Conger.*

* * *

What Have You in Chicago?

A certain man who had always been a conscientious and law-abiding, if somewhat wormlike, citizen was led by a strange sequence of circumstances to commit murder. His friends procured for him a good lawyer who urged the defense of insanity. The man protested. Nevertheless, at the trial, the lawyer did plead insanity and seemed to be winning his case, when the defendent arose dramatically with upraised hand. "Don't!" he said. "I can't stand it. Judge, I'm as sane as any man here!" His Honor did not know quite how to take this, but the lawyer saved the situation. "Your Honor," he said, "this man has committed murder and refuses to plead insanity. Can you doubt that he is crazy?"

"He's wild enough to be dangerous," said the judge. "Lock him up."

—*Tiger.*

* * *

When better women are built, Ziegfield will bill them.

—*Rice Owl.*

* * *

Dead Right

"What's all the rush?"
"Going out to the cemetery."
"Anybody dead?"
"Yep. All of them."

* * *

In: My boy, you'd better take a taxi home."

Ebriate: No, sir; the boys wouldn't let me keep it."

—*Flamingo.*

* * *

Snake (using 'phone): "Give me 22 double 2."

Central: "2222?"

Snake: "Yeh, hurry up. I'll play train with you afterwards."

—*Log.*

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and all dizziness faintness and stomach disorders caused by the motion of sea, train, auto, car or air travel

25 Years in use
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Nerve

Marmaduke Fogarty, "arch-criminal" (*Daily News*), "master-mind of the underworld" (*Daily Blues*) and "torso mystery man" (*Evening Dole*), had been captured. The police could wring nothing from him. In the racking ordeal of the third degree he had remained stolid, unperturbed. Throughout the whole trial his composure, his serenity, had been perfect. Overwhelming evidence, however, had caused his conviction. Now, marching to his death, he remained cool and steady. As he was being strapped in the chair someone ventured to ask him how he could be so calm. "I owe it all to Smither's Nerve Tonic," he answered.—Advt.

—*Tiger.*

"You ask for alms. If I give you money you will only use it for drink."

"Oh, no, madam. I want to have my photograph taken!"

—*Pele Mele, Paris.*

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—so enchanting and alluring it commands the admiration of all. You can possess this soft, fascinating appearance instantly thru

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ORIENTAL CREAM
Made in White - Flesh - Rachel
Send 10c. for Trial Size
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal

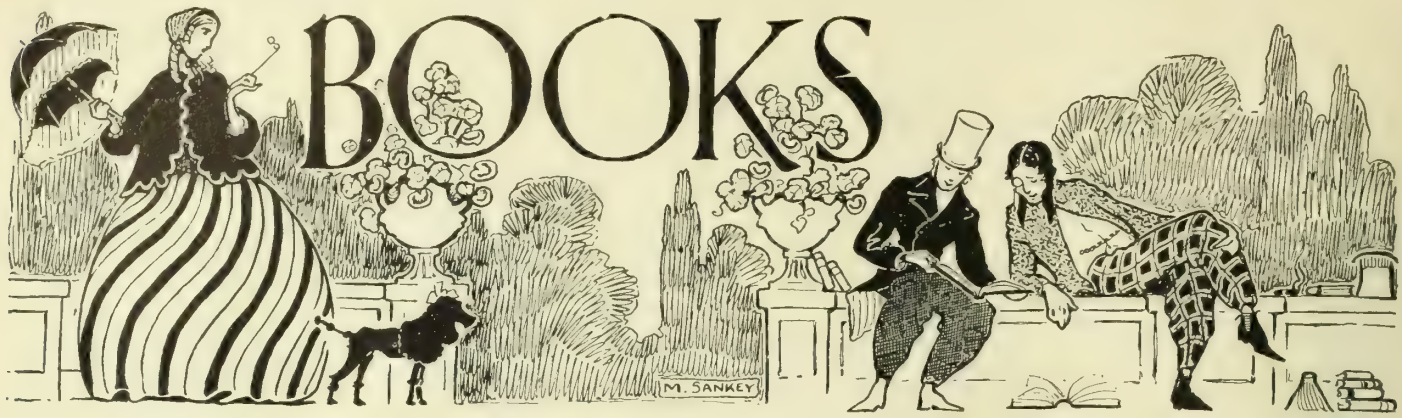
A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this."

'How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have got to march back."

—*Western.*

When You Do Not Feel Like "a Regular Meal"
BOVRIL
Will Fill the Gap
M



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES. By Anita Loos. Toronto: McLean and Smithers, Publishers.

Gentlemen prefer ladies who prefer "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." As a gauge of a sense of humour, this monumental epic of the dainty lily who toils not but spins around a good deal is the best of the current works. In fact it is the best humorous book that has come to our notice since Donald Ogden Stewart produced "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad."

As you no doubt know by this time, it is the delightfully naive diary of Lorelei Lee, the little girl from Little Rock, whom the big-hearted Mr. Einstein of Chicago is educating. It appears that prior to her arrival in New York, dear little innocent Lorelei had inadvertently shot a man or two, but when we meet her, her innocence, which is the kind that won't wear off, is as fresh as ever. Lorelei is a sort of collector. She collects a number of useful articles, such as diamonds, bracelets, necklaces, fur coats, orchids and gentlemen, especially gentlemen who are sufficiently chivalrous to enjoy, or at least take without too much protest, the daily shopping trip which is part of Lorelei's setting-up exercises. Lorelei has a friend, Dorothy, also in the business, who, however, has a habit of allowing her genuine feelings to intrude upon a situation with the result that her work lacks the true artistry and finesse which distinguishes Lorelei's technique.

Mr. Einstein thought it would be a good idea to send Lorelei and Dorothy abroad to further their education, so theymake the Grand Tour of London (and England) and a good deal of Europe, doing a certain amount of collecting on the side. The adventures of the two delectable pirates on this trip comprise the bulk of the book.

Lorelei and Dorothy will convince you that the spirit of the James brothers still lives, and, what is more, it is a one-sided wager to bet that you will fall for them as heartily as their earnest victims.

The Gold Books and the Dross

By Ron Everson

Some ink and some thread and some paper
Make all of most volumes, I fear;
But one may burn bright as a taper
At an altar with angels near.

Thousands of books are but lumber
In jackets of jade and maroon,
But one in the numberless number
May be mad as the midsummer moon.

And seek you fine books for the reading
(And not that a guest may see);
To find them yourself you'd be reading
To the last of eternity.

Warm days though you read in the wood-nooks,
Cold nights by the log fire curled,
To learn by yourself of the good books
You would read to the end of the world.

But poorly paid fellows and cross ones
Have made it quite simple for you
To know he gold books from the dross ones:
You have merely to read the review.

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Toronto: Copp Clark, Publishers.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is one of those writers who, at the outset of their career, established themsleves as a sort of legend. In all corners of the continent among the younger generation a year or so ago, were to be found undergraduates and debutantes who had friends who knew a man from Boston or Darien, Conn., who drove a Stutz and was on a party with the Fitzgeralds, and who spoke thus and thus (apologies to Michael Arlen). It was rumoured that they spend $36,000 a year, that his wife, known to the younger drinking set as Zelda, was the heroine of "This Side of Paradise," of "The Beautiful and Damned," or of whatever was

Fitzgerald's best story in the opinion of the speaker. Everywhere Fitzgerald was accepted as a symbol of something, and whatever he chose to write took on an oracular quality among his admirers.

This glamour was not confined to the younger set. Many of the more conservative and well-known critics spotted large deposits of talent in the Fitzgerald claim, and hastened to bestow the diploma of their "discovery" upon him on the publication of "This Side of Paradise." His subsequent works, while immensely popular, were not regarded as justifying the promise of his first and somewhat immature novel, until the arrival of "The Great Gatsby," which was generally acclaimed one of the best novels of the year. This volume of short stories will not likely add to the author's reputation, but a few of them, such as "The Adjustor," and "Gretchen's Forty Winks" will do much towards establishing it more firmly. "Winter Dreams" is the story which most nearly approaches the "This Side of Paradise" manner, and though much lauded on the jacket, seems to me somewhat pointless and ineffectual. "The Baby Party" is funny, but "The Adjustor," while somewhat inclined to be tedious in spots, is of the first water; in fact it is a story which almost demands a second reading.

THE LOVE NEST. By Ring Lardner. Scribners, Ltd., Publishers.

"The Love Nest" is chiefly notable because it contains "Haircut" which I consider to be the best short story that has come my way these many years. "Haircut" appeared in O'Brien's volume of the best short stories of 1925, and was everywhere acclaimed as Lardner's masterpiece, if any. Other sketches are for the most part written in legitimate short story style, only one or two being in the familiar Lardnerese of newspaper syndicate fame. The title story is amusing, but "The Zone of Quiet" and "Who Dealt?" are screamingly funny.

Throughout all the stories, Lardner's ability to submerge his own person while at the same time to trade in on his unique personality, is displayed to great advantage. The introduction, which is a mock appreciation of Lardner purporting to be written by a certain Miss Spooldripper, starts well off, but the course is a little too long for the pace of the first two or three pages to be maintained throughout.

All are excellent, and should do much to establish the short story collection as a formidable rival to the novel as a popular seller.

SHOW BUSINESS. By Thyra Samter Winslow. MacMillan, Toronto, $2.50.

What we would like the Toronto book censors to tell us is how they allowed this sparkling romance of a chorus-girl to mount the book-stalls, when they turned their thumbs down on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." We don't know whether Mrs. Winslow has ever been on the stage, but if she hasn't she has had an opportunity to make a very close study of those volatile ladies of the merry-merry. In this story we have an interesting close-up of Helen Taylor from her early school-days, right up through her apprenticeship with a road-show, to her final success as a "Frivolities" girl, and then up the aisle to the altar. When Helen arrived at this last goal she could look her husband in the eye knowing that he was getting a "good" girl. She was like the retired female acrobat who retrospectively boasted: "Thirty years in the circus and never lost a spangle."

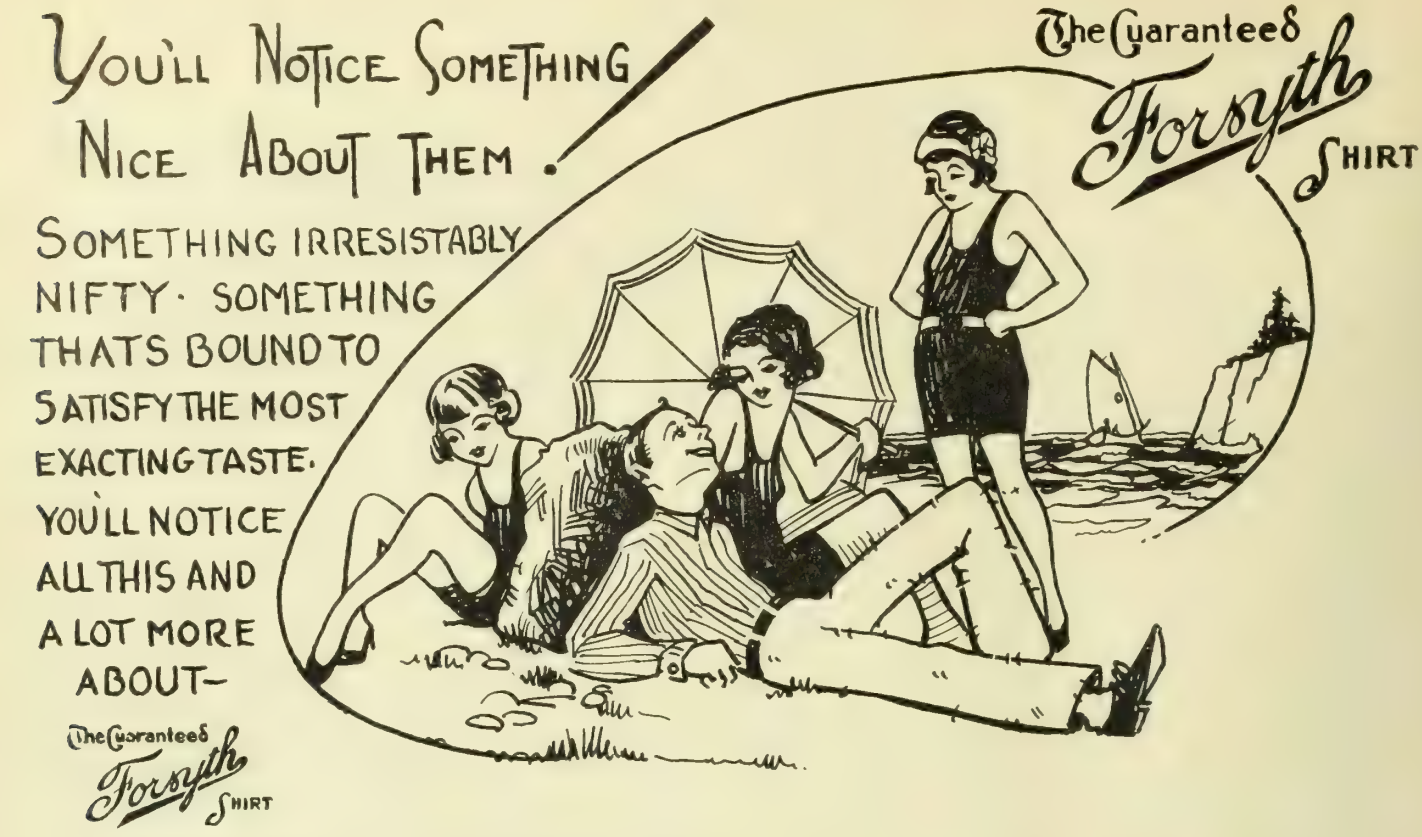
THE SAGA OF BILLY THE KID. By Walter Noble Burns, S. B. Goudy Co., Toronto, $2.50.

Nowadays,according to the daily prints, when a New Yorker feels a yen to "bump someone off" he satisfies that desire right in his own home or, at best, doesn't go farther afield than Philadelphia or Buffalo. It appears that a different tradition held when William Bonney, afterwards Billy the Kid, was born. He felt restless, went West, became a cowvoy outlaw, and by the time he met his death at twenty-one years of age he had killed twenty-one men, not counting Indians. In spite of all this he was the idol of the Southwest. Even though there is evidence of waning interest in "Westerns" on the part of movie fans, this book should be popular, for it is a thoroughly entertaining tale of adventure and is an historical item of interest.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY. By John Erskine. McLellan & Stewart, Toronto, $2.50.

You are hereby advised to read, if you have not already done so, this delightfully written story of the home life in Hellas of Mr. and Mrs. Menelaos and their daughter Hermione. Mrs. Menelaos (Helen of Troy) was beautiful and perhaps over-amiable. At any rate, she felt that a woman was very silly to be inhibited, and so her first avenue of escape, as we Freudians have nick-named it, was to skip off to Troy (Ilium) with a week-end guest by the name of Paris. Menelaos followed, fought for her, forgave her frolic and brought her home. The Menelaoses, once back home again, may have thought they had troubles, what with coming to an agreement on a suitable husband for Hermione, and with gossipy neighbours, but their domestic life was a "love nest" existence compared to that of their near relatives, Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. In this latter household, if a murder or suicide or something like that didn't happen nearly every day they worried lest they fail to hang up a record that the Chicago (Ill.) gang boys

(Continued on page 34)



Books

(*Continued from page 33*)

would reach before a divine Providence (heaven) sent along another cow to kick over a lantern and burn down Chicago. This story is so cleverly written and the entire dialogue is so engagingly handled that you are bound to like it.

CLARA BARRON. By Harvey O'Higgins. The Musson Book Co., Toronto. $2.00.

This Canadian author, now living in the United States, has written a fine novel, the opening scenes of which are laid in Canada, and which ends on a Canadian note. For the rest, the observations are "New York, but, withal, interesting New York." Clara Barron started life as Clara Ferrenden. Her disgust with a worthless father caused the metamorphosis in name and soul. When her mother dies and her younger sister wins the affection of the boy she thinks she loves, she goes to New York. A job as waitress in a restaurant resulted in her meeting with Wayl, a young socialist who washed dishes there. Then followed a job in a laundry. From this she drifted into writing for newspapers. Mr. O'Higgins in developing considerable action around these two, reverts to a situation he has used with effect heretofore, and that is of a young woman mothering a shiftless dreamer. The end of this worthwhile psychological study is enthralling and climatically tragic. This department recommends the story to your appreciation.

OTHER PEOPLE'S DAUGHTERS. By Eleanor Rowland Wembridge. Thomas Allen, Toronto. $2.50.

The slip-cover on this book gives the sub-title: "17 Studies from Life of City Girls and Their Surroundings." It might be added that these city girls, with one exception, came from homes or lived in environments where the influence wasn't very conducive to decency and good conduct. The author, besides being a doctor of philosophy and psychologist of the Women's Protective Association, Cleveland, Ohio, has a remarkably facile pen. The short story, *per se*, is practically non-existent in the United States to-day. This writer, however, with something that is more than talent gives a lesson which most short-story writers might look into with profit. At the same time the book provides an interesting study for psychology students of all classes, and first-rate entertainment for readers of fiction, even if the stories (we believe) are actually true.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. By Homer Croy. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.,

Some books are written to amuse; others to instruct, a few to entertain. It's a puzzle to classify this.

The Peters had to see Paris. Only the unfortunate reviewer *has* to read about it. The Peters didn't see Paris after all; they saw some city of Mr. Croy's imaginings. Mr. Croy's imagination gave out early in the book, wherefore the Peters left this co-called Paris for the chateau country.

Mr. Croy, being a hater of all things American, has given the Peters all the worst characteristics and antics of the objectionable

(*Continued on page 45*)

"The boss just made a cutting remark."
"Finish. . . . ."
"Said he was going to reduce my salary."
—*Wampus.*

* * *

Big Sister: "What would you say, Alice dear ,if I told you I was going to marry Mr. Snoodle?
Little Alice: "Oh, so that's why father was cleaning his shotgun yesterday." —*Yale Record.*

* * *

"What's the ideal honeymoon salad?"
"I pass."
"Lettuce alone." —*Sniper.*

* * *

"Hubby, I saved ten dollars today."
"What did you buy?" —*Pitt Panther.*

* * *

Customer: (in department store)—"I-I-I-I- w-w-w-want——"
Saleslady (who is experienced)—"Ladies' underwear counter three aisles back."
—*The Masquerader.*

* * *

Little Girl—"Pa, it's raining."
Father—"Well. let it rain."
Little Girl—"I was goin' to, pa." —*Drawl.*

* * *

A—"What can I do for falling hair?"
B—"Get out of the way." —*Puppet.*

* * *

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," remarked the Arab as his Ford expired in the desert.
—*Middlebury Blue Babboon.*

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THIS amazing new Protectolite makes night driving safe. No more collisions. It protects you from blinding headlights.
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133 Eastern Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Answered

A certain seed company had received from one customer fifteen applications for free samples of their splendid pea seeds, and when the sixteenth arrived in the morning post the chief of the post order department decided it was time he did something.

He dictated a letter to the man which ran thus:

"Dear Sir: I am sending you the seeds as requested, but what are you doing with so much? Are you planting the whole of your suburb with peas?"

A few days later he received a reply from his customer.

"No," it ran, "we are not planting them at all. The wife uses them for soup."

—*Answers.*

* * *

American Tourist in Scotland—"Say, sonny, could you tell me if this is Aberdeen?"

Sonny—"Weel, if ye gae me saxpence, I'll tell ye."

Lady in Back Seat—"Drive on, dear, it must be Aberdeen."

Belle Hop.

A Birdie

"How now, Orestes, why has thou quit smoking?"

"Forsooth, Eumenides, some one has said that every time I inhale I take into my lungs enough nicotine to kill a large-sized canary."

"I prithee, Orestes, what of it?"

"By Zeus, I have no desire to kill a poor defenceless canary."

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

"Sonny, I have something very shocking to tell you."

"Yes—"

"You've been told, you know, that around Christmas—"

"Aw, I know. There ain't no Santa Claus."

"Yes, Sonny, you're right. Mama has just shot Papa!"

—*Lampoon.*

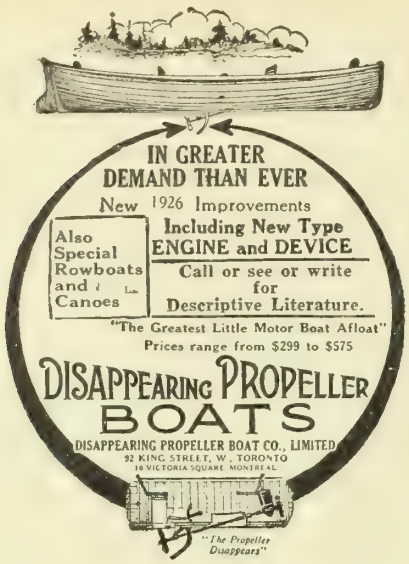
* * *

P.O: Hey, shake a leg wid dat paint woik.

Swab: Say, Rome wasn't built in a day.

P.O: I know it, but I didn't boss de job.

—*Huron Flashlight.*



A New Product

(*Continued from page 16*)

with them and eliminate them by the simple process of offering a better home-made brand.

During the last session the Federal Parliament has successfully produced a scandal of large proportions. The general impression everywhere, on the streets, in the factories, down beside the gasworks, is that, as a scandal, it is quite successful. If our M.P.'s can accomplish this with the customs' department alone, who knows what wonders they might not work in the scandal line if their scope was broadened? They have shown a natural aptitude for the work.

It is reasonable to suppose that, as they progressed, their technique would improve. Had they kept the customs' scandal simpler and eliminated some of its intricacies, there is little doubt that its popularity would have been enormously greater.

They have won their spurs. Let us hope that next session will see the inauguration of a policy of Canadian scandal for Canadians which will turn the menace of imported scandal sheets into a laughing-stock.

* * *

Maybe Too Late

Charlotte: "My fiance's birthday is next week and I want to give him a surprise. What would you suggest?"

Martyne: "Tell him your real age!

An Old Line

"Each hour I spend with you," he said,
"Is like a glowing pearl to me."
The maiden tossed her curly head,
And murmured "Aw, quit stringin' me."

—*R.D.L.*

* * *

I had heard a noise, had arisen and gone downstairs to investigate, and now I was confronted by three burglars. By a stroke of good fortune I was enabled to defeat them, for just then the clock struck two and I managed the other fellow.

—*R. E. MacL.*

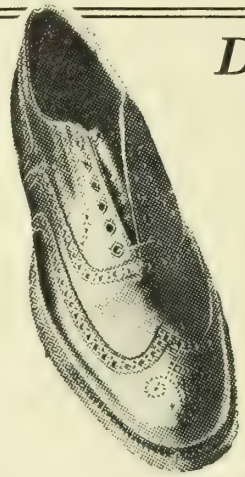
Judging the Male by the Mail

Bam: "Has your son arrived home yet for the summer vacation?"

Snap: "Yes, I think so. I haven't received a letter from the dean at the college about his behaviour in a month now!"

* * *

There was once a thin man named Jno,
Whose clothes hung him loosely upno;
His facetious friend's loans
Always were for five bones,
For he looked like a mere skeletno.



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Shoes for Men

(*from Maker to Wearer*)

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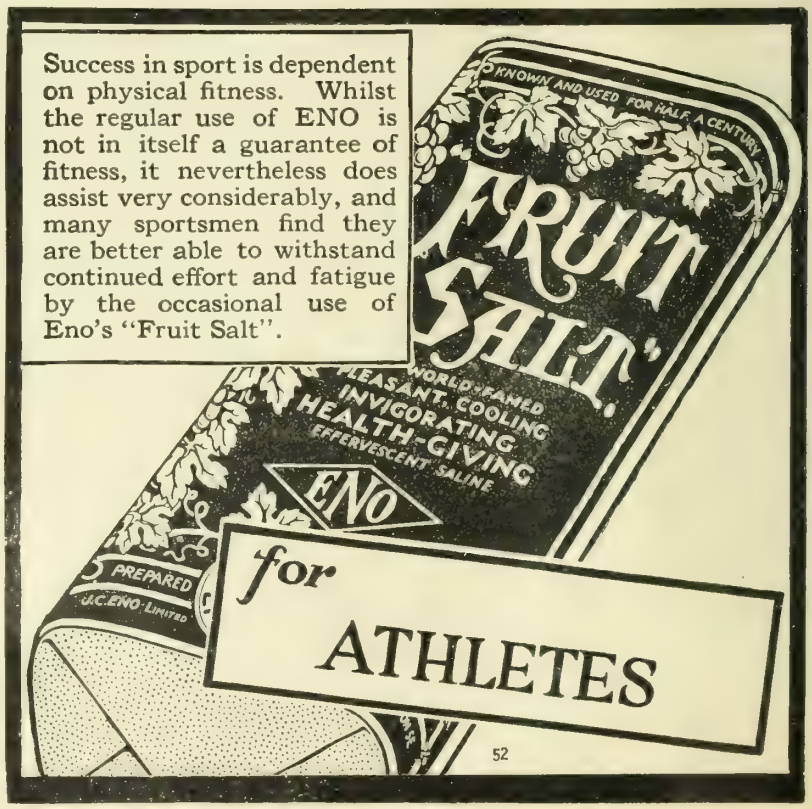

Now You Tell Us One!

And Win a Prize

GOBLIN'S next issue will be the epoch-marking Newspaper Number, and the contest this month, the results of which will be published in our next number, is about newspapers. Tell us in fifty words or less the most amusing incident in connection with newspapers that you have ever heard, or send us a clipping of the funniest typographical error or "break" that has come to your notice. Prizes will be awarded to the sender of the most laughable contribution concerning our Moulders of Public Opinion.

Send in as many contributions as you like, provided they come in separate envelopes.

Goblin reserves the right to retain newspaper stories which did not win prizes, for publication in later issues, in which case payment will be made at the usual rates.

Send in your stories or clippings early and watch for this truly amusing number.

Enclosed please find $..... for which send GOBLIN for one year to

Name .....

Address .....

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One Year, $3.00 Two Years, $5.00.

PRIZES

First Prize: $20.00 if winner is a subscriber to GOBLIN, or if he sends in a subscription with his contribution, $10.00 if not a subscriber.

Five Prizes of $2.00 to subscribers, or $1.00 to non-subscribers.

Subscriptions may be sent in with answers by using the form below.

RULES

(1) Prizes go to the sender of the cleverest and most amusing contribution.

(2) Contributions must be in our hands by June 30th.

(3) Results will be published in the July number of GOBLIN.

(4) Members of the firm may not win prizes.

(5) Send as many contributions as you wish.

May Limerick Contest

THE winner of the first prize is Harry H. Cunliffe, 2443 49th Ave. West, Vancouver, B.C., for the following last line

Above is a lady named Fay,
Who was singing of flowers in May,
But she struck a high note,
Dislocated her throat—
The improvement thus made raised her pay.

The five second prizes of one or two dollars go to the authors of the following last lines:

And some ear drums as well, by the way.
R. P. Pangman, 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.

'Twas a wreck on the high seas (C's), they say.
Miss H. Fairbairn, The Library University of Toronto.

So they "say it with flowers" today!
Miss R. A. Battle, Thorold, Ont.

Friends said it with posies next day.
C. R. Coulter, 835 Hunter Bldg., Ottawa, Ont.

And now she is toting a tray.
A. E. Cutler, Box 454, Oshawa, Ont.

Honourable mention goes to the following:

Mrs. Gales, Cascade Inn, Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.

M. Heming, c/o Heming Bros., Hamilton, Ont.

Mary M. Murray, 247 Kensington Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

R. D. Colquette, 134 Arlington St., Winnipeg, Man.

A. D. Talbot, 92 Lorne Ave., St. Lambert, P.Q.

Mrs. Brooks, 26A Wolfe St., Sherbrooke, P.Q.

J. T. Sebben, Windsor Block, Stratford.

Other Victims

"What? Marry you? You should knew better!"

"I do, but none of them will have me."

—Crocker.

* * *

"Hey, Nigger, where did you get dat diamond?"

"Why, my Uncle died and left me $5,000 to erect a stone to his memory, and, Snowball, dat am de stone."

—Leatherneck.

* * *

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

—Harvard Lampoon.

* * *

A man in the hospital for mental cases sat fishing over the flower bed. A visitor, wishing to be affable, remarked: "How many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

—DePaw Daily.

Stude (writing): "I would write more, sweetheart, but my roommate is reading every word over my shoulder."

Roommate: "You're a dirty liar."

—Whirlwind.

"I've got a date with a couple of actresses. Want to come?"

"Sorry, I can't go. You see it might injure my amateur standing."

"I cannot marry you, but I will be a sister to you!"

"Good. How much do you think we shall inherit from our father?"

—Sondagsnisse-Strix, Stockholm.

Fair Enough

Mere Man: "Come on, have a drink."

Phi Beta: "I don't drink, but I'll have a lead pencil on you."

—Yale Record.

* * *

He: "May I hold your hand?"

She: "Well, I suppose you'll have to start with the preliminaries."

—Punch Bowl.

* * *

Kind old party: "I hear you buried your wife yesterday, Mr. Kaupp."

"Vell, mein Gott, I had to. She vass dead."

—Harvard Lampoon.

* * *

'Tis Unfair

Mr. O'Bryan: "By golly, I'm tired tonight."

Mrs. O'Brien: "There you go again. You're tired. Here I've been standing over a hot stove all day and you working in a nice cool sewer."

—Punch Bowl.

VACATION!

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College HumOr

On Sale Everywhere

June 1

Cautious

He—"Would you be my wife?"
She—"Oh, yes."
He—"And you would marry me?"
She (breathlessly)—"My darling!"
He—"Then you are really willing to be my wife?"
She—"Yes, yes."
He (murmuring to himself)—"I think that settles it. I believe I shall propose."

—*Illinois Siren.*

* * *

Guard (showing visitor through violent ward in other institution)—"These are sad cases, sir. These poor fellows in here all think they're automobile mechanics."

Visitor—"I don't see anybody in here. Where are they?"

Guard—"Under the bed working on the springs."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

* * *

Sophisticated maid (trying to arouse the interest of an indifferent Yale senior)—"Look out, Johnny, I'm going to scare you. (Kisses him.) Now, Johnny, you scare me."

Johnny—"Boo!" —*Record.*

* * *

St. Peter—"I hope you'll like it here, sir."

Californian—"Let's see your climate records."

—*College Comics.*

Am You?

"Black boy, is you all gwine to pay me dat ten dollars sudden?"

"Ah ain't saying ah ain't."

"Ah ain't askin' is you ain't; ah'm askin' you ain't you is?" —*Frivol.*

* * *

Her—"I heard you went to a ball game last Sunday instead of to church."

It—"That's a lie! And I've got a fish to prove it." —*Purple Parrot.*

* * *

Voice over the phone—"Is Mike Howe there?"

At the other end of the wire—"What do you think this is—the stockyards?" —*Awgwan.*

* * *

Woman to Wed Eighth Time

Often a bride, but never a bridesmaid!

* * *

The Twin Cities are at it again. The other day a Minneapolitan strolled into a fruit store in St. Paul, picked up a huge watermelon and said, "Humph! Is this the largest apple you have in St. Paul?"

The proprietor rushed forth and bellowed, "Hey! Put down that grape." —*Literary Digest.*

* * *

"Some friend give you that cigar?"

"I don't know yet." —*Chaparral.*

Rather Phoney

"Hello! hello! Operator, give me Columbus 1492."

"Just a minute; here's your party."

"Hello! I want to order a box for to-morrow night."

"What size?"

"A good big one; there will be six in the party."

"But they only come in single sizes; we'll have to have it made special. It will take a couple of days."

"But why should it? I don't want to wait that long."

"Well, you had better try—"

"Isn't this the Ford Theatre?"

"No, sir, this is the undertaker."

—Voo Doo.

* * *

Small Boy (punching rabbit viciously): "How much is two and two."

Kindly Old Man: "Son, what do you mean by punching that poor little rabbit and yelling, 'How much is two and two'?"

Small Boy: "I'll punch the darn thing all I want. My father said that rabbits multiply rapidly and I can't even get this one to add."

—Rensselaer Poly-Pup.

* * *

Physics Professor: "Give me an example of like attracting like."

Stude: "Pop drank some wood alcohol and it went to his head."

—Red Cat.

Tragedy

He sat at his desk all hunched up as though he were crying. Thinking he might want sympathy we asked:

"What's the matter? Girl can't come?"

He shook his head.

"Flunk your finals?"

Again he shook his head. It was then that we noticed the letter.

"Gee, old man, that's too bad. We knew it must be bad news from home."

"Yes," he said sobbingly, "we'll never get another canary like little Dicky."

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

* * *

Rapid Transit

Conductor on B. and M.: "I've been on this train for seven years."

Girl (en toute to carnival)*:* "Is that so? Where did you get on?" *—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*

* * *

"Professor, what is the purpose of a vacation?"

"To enable your parents to see what they are spending their money on."

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

* * *

Caller: "Really, you know, medical science cannot be depended upon. I was frightfully sick and the doctors said that there was no chance for my recovery."

Bored: "Yes, it is too bad they are not more reliable." *—Notre Dame Juggler*

* * *

Fair Play

Rector: "Is that your cigarette stub?"

Student: "Go ahead, father, you saw it first."

—Notre Dame Juggler

* * *

Lemon: "Why is Franklin so stuck-up?"

Tree: "His son was on the college football team and graduated." *—Notre Dame Juggler*

* * *

"Working now?"

"Yeh."

"What doing?"

"Ambassador."

"Diplomatic service?"

"Naw. Bellhop."

—Purple Parrot.

* * *

"Now that we're engaged, dear, how do you think I'll strike your mother?"

"Oh, John, won't you wait until we're married, at least?"

—Mercury.

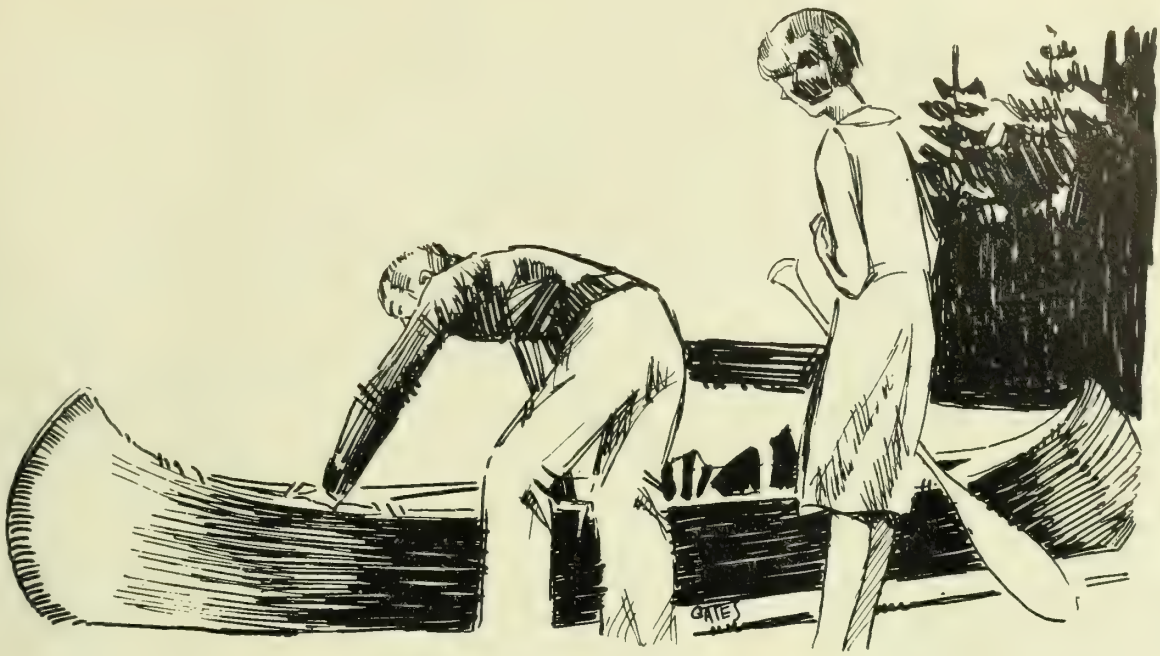
* * *

Prof: "Use 'migrate' in a sentence."

Freshman: "My great grandfather came from Virginia." *—Denison Flamingo*

* * *

Having to pay alimony is like feeding oats to a dead horse. *—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket*



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As You Like It

The villain pursues her. Bang—bang! The hero cleans his revolver. The villain's body cleans the pavement. That's melodrama.

The villain pursues him. Bang—bang! The villain cleans his revolver. The hero's body cleans the pavement. That's tragedy.

The hero pursues him. Bang—bang! The hero cleans his revolver. The villain's body cleans the pavement. The victor sings about it. That's opera.

The heroine pursues him. Bang bang! The heroine cleans her revolver. Both the villain and hero are stretched out on the pavement. That's comedy.

The cop pursues him. Bang—bang—bang! The cop misses. That's burlesque.

Ticket Seller to Attendant: "Take down that S.R.O. sign. The house just doubled up with laughter.

* * *

The Only Way

Mrs. Jones: So your daughter is going to be a movie star?"

Mrs. Smith: "Well, what can I do? She can hardly read or write!"

—*Life.*

* * *

"Say, conductor, what have we stopped for now," asked the irate passenger.

"We're taking on water, sir," replied the conductor easily.

"Well," growled the incorrigible, "why the hell don't you get another teaspoon."

—*Ziffs.*

The Urge

Susie—"Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond ring?"

Father—"The woman."

—*Tiger.*

* * *

Betsy Ross—"I call my husband 'twinkle, little star.' "

Mad Anthony—"Why, because he's constant?"

Betsy Ross—"No, because I wonder where he is."

—*Tiger*

* * *

An Old One

An old Scotch lady on her death bed was discussing her funeral arrangements with her husband.

"Ye know, John," she said, "ye haven't spoken to my sister, Annie, for twenty years and my dying wish is that ye drive to the funeral in the same carriage with Annie."

"I'll do it," replied John, sadly, "but I'm telling ye it will entirely spoil the day for me!"

—*Bison.*

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Absent-Minded

"The Professor has gone back to Switzerland for his lungs."

"Dear old man. Just the same as ever. Always leaving things behind."

—Gaiety.

* * *

Small Child: Mother, did you know Moses had indigestion like you have? My Sunday School teacher told me the Lord gave him two tablets."

—Widow.

* * *

His Old Man: My son, I don't want to see you in this state again."

The Son: Wash' a matter, Dad? Have we moved?"

—Purple Cow.

"Why didn't you salute me in the street yesterday?"

"I didn't see you, captain."

"Good. I thought perhaps you were cross with me."

—Journal Amusant, Paris.

Tough Luck

No. 165501 (jumping up in rage after the prison movie show): "Dammit, a serial, and I'm to be hung next week."

—Denver Parrakeet.

* * *

"I want some golf balls for a gentleman, please."

"Certainly, madam. What sort does he like?"

"Well, the only time I saw him play he used a small white ball. But I cannot say I gathered the impression that he exactly liked it."

—Punch.

* * *

Item in Scotch newspaper: "Sandy McAbrams is doing nicely after his donation of sixpence to the Starving Armenian Fund."

—Brown Jug.

* * *

"Now, children," said the teacher, "what are parakeets?"

"Twins," shouted little Giuseppi Grannuci.

—Chaparral.

* * *

"I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard."

"Oh, do they?"

—Froth.

* * *

"Have you a cigarette?"

"Yes, plenty, thank you."

—Flamingo.

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SAVANT PREDICTS SEVERE 'QUAKES

Canadians Advised to Seek Open Spaces during July and August

WARNING SOUNDED

Dominion Will Rock, Says Peter Gimmell.

Toronto, June 17th.—"Canadians are advised to seek the wide-open spaces and avoid congested areas during the months of July and August if they would save themselves from serious damage," says Professor Peter Gimmell in a recent interview. Professor Gimmell is a well-known astrologist and collector. His collection of pari-mutuel tickets is said to be unrivalled on the Continent.

Discovered yesterday in his palatial home in Ashbridge's Bay, the Professor welcomed the reporter with the astounding announcement that the continent was in for a good 'quake. "From coast to coast," said the Professor, "the Dominion will rock with laughter, for I have just received the message from the stars that GOBLIN will publish its Newspaper Number on the 15th of July."

"The present positions of Jupiter and Saturn," said the Professor, "lead me to believe that $3.00 sent to the Goblin Magazine at 10 Adelaide St. East will secure an advance copy of the Newspaper Number and its eleven successors throughout the year, with the result that, by getting the worst shaking over in advance and individually, the shock to the nation may be lessened." Asked about the League of Nations and the French franc, the Professor was reticent. "There is only one subject of moment for the world at this time," he insisted.

Books

Continued from page 34

tourist from the States. When you get tired of being ashamed of the Peters you get bored with the book, or vice versa. The publishers' blurb actually calls this humorous! The joke is on the reader!

MICROBE HUNTERS. By Paul de Kruif. George J. McLeod Ltd., Toronto: $3.50.

Surely this must be the winner of the award of highest public esteem and approval for the best piece of 1926 non-fiction. While the name describes the contents exactly, don't, if your tastes in reading run only to fiction, allow it to deter you from dipping into the highly adventurous, always fascinating and brilliantly descriptive recital of de Kruif in this book. In setting forth the heroic, painstaking and successful studies and experiments made by the famous men of the microscope who were the pioneers in bacteriology, there is not one dull page in the three hundred and fifty-six. The portraits of the eleven men considered are thrown on their canvasses with all the swiftness and precision of a newsreel, and ever in the raciness of the idiom is there a minuteness of detail that gives you a feeling of knowing "all the players." If Goblin ever prints a complete list of the 3,897,546 good things it has given its circle of family readers, high up will be marked: "June, 1926—Read "Microbe Hunters."

THE PIPER'S FEE. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Toronto.: Thomas Allen, Publisher. $2.00.

Type: Cinderella. Time: Present. Mr. Adams has undoubtedly been influenced by that type of English author who constantly succeeds in marrying the mill-girl to the earl. Mr. Adams lays stress on the veil which enshrouds the soul of Dorothea, the young heroine. Perhaps if this veil were torn aside, the reader might feel more in contact with this daughter of the people. Finding his youthful character somewhat insipid, Mr. Adams turns with evident relief to the portrayal of Augusta Ruyland, the suzeraine of the Ruyland fortunes. Now Mr. Adams is on much happier ground, although Augusta is an anomaly in these modern times. The book taxes the imagination to understand how the Ruylands of culture and education make such bosom friends of murderers of the English language. Lovers of this type of fiction will find plenty of thrills from the new version of "Whose is the baby?"

* * *

We admire pure grit and all that, but we're darned if we like it in our spinach.

—Voo Doo.

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This Is the Last

We met a girl the other day —dumb—thought Joan of Arc was one of Noah's daughters.

* * *

"I'm going to kiss you, honey."

"Do you want me to cry for help?"

"No, thank you, dear, I don't need any." —*Flamingo*

"Can the Rajah play bridge?"

"Certainly. He makes a grand salaam every time he sits down."

* * *

There's one dumb guy in this dumb town,
The keeper ought to catch;
I saw him telling time last night
On a sundial—with a match.

—*Moonshine.*

A Recital

(*Continued from page 19*)

the bunch liked him very much, always thought he was a fake. Well, one night they had a sing down at the bong fire and they asked this gink would he play something, and he said what did they want and I said 'The Prisoner's Song' and would you believe it, he said he'd never heard of it. Can you tie that? I liked showing him up though, and I sure did. He got up and left and none of the bunch has seen him since. Oh, what a fake! I hate fakes, don't you?

Some people can't stand recitals, you know. I'm so glad you're different. I can just sit still forever listening to good music. Like at the movies, when they play something in between, some girls and fellows want to talk all the time and spoil it all. I always say they can't really be real music lovers, now, can they. Do you think they can? Neither do I. I don't think they can. Maybe some people think they can but I don't think they can. Really, that is. What are they going to play now? Wagner? I guess he must be a foreigner. What, a German? Oh, well, I don't really think we ought to have any hard feelings now that the war is over. But then, of course, if we go on encouraging them, playing all their music and everything, they may get as bad as ever, don't you think? Still if you really love music like you and I—what's that? You're going. Aren't you going to stay? Say, I don't believe you really like music at all. I bet you just brought me here to make a good impression. I bet you're just another fake, that's all. Where did you say? The Jazzerina Inn? Oh, sure, I'd love to go. How did you know I was just dippy over dancing?

* * *

There was a young man named Teedle,
Who wouldn't accept his degree;
He said, "It's enough to be Teedle
Without being Teedle, D.D."

* * * —*Frivol.*

Hopeful Parent—"Well, my son, how did you come out in your examinations.?"

Subtle Son—"With, E'ees, sir."

—*Ranger.*

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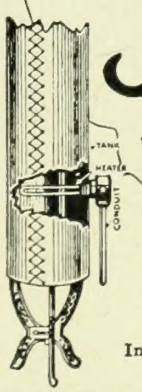

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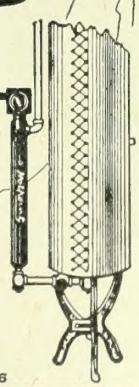

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